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# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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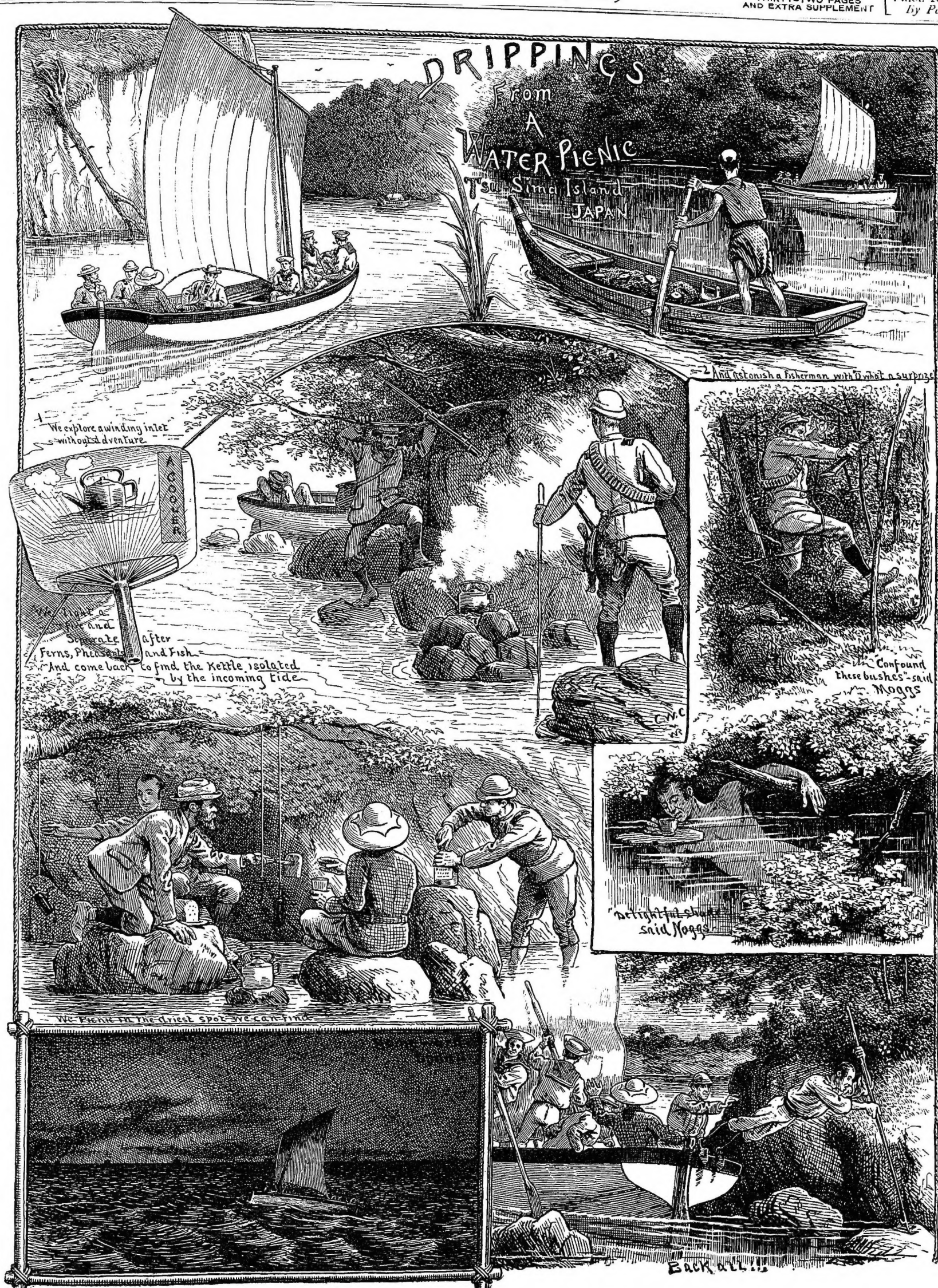
# THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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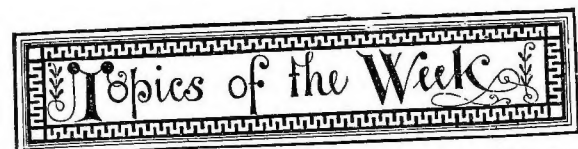
SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1889

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WITH THE BRITISH FLEET IN JAPANESE WATERS





**WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT AND THE LINCOLN PROSECUTION.**—In an elaborate judgment, occupying nearly a page of the *Times*, the Archbishop of Canterbury has decided that he has jurisdiction to examine the charges made against the Bishop of Lincoln. But the real battle has yet to come, and may be delayed for a long while. The Bishop and his friends may decline to submit to the Archbishop's jurisdiction, in which case they will either appeal to the Privy Council or go to the Queen's Bench for a suit of prohibition. All this shows how cumbrous and unsatisfactory is the machinery at present in existence for deciding disputed questions of doctrine and ritual in the Church of England. The Dean of Windsor, however, recently alleged, in his well-intentioned Eirenicon, that Parliament would willingly provide the Church with a more efficient apparatus for the settlement of such difficulties, but had hitherto been prevented by the disinclination of the Ritualist party to accept any workable proposal in this direction. It must be frankly said that the correspondence which followed the Dean's letter showed that the Dean was right in his contention. This is greatly to be regretted, for there are numbers of moderate Churchmen, especially among the laity, who remember with sorrow the Tractarian secessions to Rome of forty years ago, and who would sacrifice a good deal to keep such men as the Bishop of Lincoln and his sympathisers in the pale of the Reformed Church of England. But there is a point beyond which such persons will refuse to go. They will steadfastly refuse to replace the Church in the position, as regards doctrine and ritual, which it occupied before the Reformation. Yet this, papal jurisdiction perhaps excepted, is the undoubted aim among the more ardent spirits of the High Church party. Those who have a genuine affection for the Church of England should use all their energies to promote peace within its borders just now, seeing that it is seriously threatened in other directions. Disestablishment in Wales would mean Disestablishment in England before many years, nor is it at all certain that its triumph will be long postponed. A minority of 241 votes out of 515 represents a very substantial minority, and, if the next turn of the electoral wheel should place the Gladstonians in power, the House of Commons will doubtless decree that a State Church shall no longer exist in the Principality. It is quite true that the Church has, of late years, immensely advanced in vigour and vitality, but, on the other hand, Welsh Nationalism has made immense strides, and the violent language of the vernacular press (which is of course written to please its purchasers) shows that the anti-English spirit is very strong, and that the Church (though no doubt quite erroneously) is regarded as a badge of political subjection. We are not stating our own opinions, we are simply recording facts, which both statesmen and ecclesiastics will do well to ponder.

**THE WESTPHALIAN STRIKE.**—The strike of the Westphalian miners is not at all a surprising phenomenon. The surprising fact rather is that the strike has been so long delayed. At the best the work of miners is hard and disagreeable, and in Westphalia they have hitherto had to toil every day for a much longer time than is good for them, while their wages have been wholly insufficient to maintain them and their families in comfort. It seemed inevitable that sooner or later they would protest against this injustice, and, now that the time for their protest has come, it cannot be said that upon the whole they have displayed an exacting or unreasonable spirit. The feeling they are displaying is to some extent shared by the working-classes in all parts of the civilised world. Not so very long ago most working-men on the Continent regarded their condition as the result of a decree of fate. An attempt to improve it would have seemed to them an utterly hopeless task. Now they have begun to feel that they have a right to a larger share of the wealth they help to produce, and they are learning the lesson that by union they may achieve many things which would be wholly beyond the reach of individuals acting singly. This remarkable change will have to be taken into account by employers, to whom it will probably become more and more clear that it would be better to be content with diminished profits than to be obliged to deal with dissatisfied workers. The most noteworthy fact in connection with the Westphalian strike is that the sympathy of the educated classes in Germany is with the strikers, not with their masters. Much attention, too, has been attracted by the fact that the Emperor, while warning the delegates who waited upon him to have nothing to do with Social Democracy, showed no disposition to throw the weight of his influence into the scale against the miners. The movement of opinion in Germany is manifestly in favour of a readjustment of the relations between capital and labour in the interests of the working population.

**GAMBLING CLUBS.**—The extraordinary excitement which followed the police raids on the Field and Adelphi Clubs might have caused any stranger to our ways to believe that no Londoner had ever suspected the existence of gambling in the British metropolis. As a matter of fact, hardly a capital in Europe compares with it in that vice—if it be a

vice. It is not only that card-playing for heavy stakes goes on nightly at all the great clubs, or that thousands are betted daily at Tattersall's and the Victoria. Down in the City there is still more reckless plunging in stock, shares, produce, underwriting, and other methods of turning pennies into pounds. Yet, no doubt, not a few of those who habitually take part in City speculation have dwelt sternly upon the sin and folly of frequenting gambling dens. And without conscious hypocrisy, either; their minds draw a sharp distinction between going for the rise in Egyptians or sugar, and staking 500*l.* on a game of baccarat. In reality, there is no difference between the two methods of letting loose that speculative demon who dwells in most Englishmen up to a certain time of life. We always have been a gambling nation, and we always shall be to the end of the chapter. Would it not be wiser, therefore, to seek to draw some good out of the evil, instead of attempting to kill it by spasmodic police crusades? We offer no opinion as to whether the two incriminated institutions are what they affect to be, or something else. But even assuming that one of their functions was to administer to the craving for speculation, it is quite certain that almost every other club in London lies open to the same charge. And were all shut up, it is equally sure that those who now use them for gambling would quickly find other means of attaining the same end. Mr. Goschen has set an example which might be most beneficially followed in this matter. The new taxation levied by him on Stock Exchange speculation yields a large sum to the Exchequer, and we see no reason, even from the high moral standpoint, why the same expedient should not be adopted in all other kinds of gambling.

**MINING ROYALTIES.**—Mr. Pritchard Morgan, well known as the most successful modern promoter of gold mining enterprise in North Wales, was silenced by the rules of the House on Tuesday evening when calling attention to a subject, that of mining royalties, which deserves more consideration than it has hitherto obtained. Mr. Morgan complains that the Woods and Forests Department, by their demand of 5 per cent. royalty, virtually prevent him from obtaining any profit; and a similar allegation as regards the search for minerals in Ireland was made by Mr. Molloy. The simple fact is that these exorbitant demands of the Crown are utterly antiquated, and ought to be abrogated, a moderate licence fee being substituted for them. In olden days, when the Crown was personally responsible for the defences of the country, there was some reason for such demands. The reason has entirely ceased now, because the nation pays for its army and navy itself, the ample resources placed at the disposal of the Crown being entirely devoted to the support of its own dignity and splendour. Besides, the impost paralyses legitimate enterprise. Look at Australian experience. In Victoria, in 1854, an increase on the very moderate licence fee previously demanded led, at Ballarat, to a miniature civil war, a stockade being stormed by the military with considerable bloodshed. After this the increase was rescinded. It was also subsequently found that a tax of about 4 per cent. on the gold produced shut up half the mines in the colony. Therefore we say, if Mr. Pritchard Morgan has really got hold of a golden goose, do not let the Woods and Forests half-throttle it, but encourage it to lay as many eggs as possible.

**LORD WOLSELEY'S ADDRESS.**—It was natural and proper that Mr. Bryce should protest against some of the remarks made by Lord Wolseley in his address at Oxford on Saturday last. The occasion was non-political, and among the audience were men belonging to both of the great parties in the State. Lord Wolseley was therefore bound to refrain from making statements that might give offence to any particular class of politicians. Instead of taking this prudent course, he went out of his way to attack, violently, the leaders of the political party from whose principles he happens to dissent. The fact is all the more to be regretted because the general tone of the address was admirable. He has been accused of having spoken rather too lightly about the evils of war, but in reality he expressed the utmost abhorrence of international fighting, and the ground on which he pleaded for the maintenance of well-organised military and naval forces was that their existence would tend to the preservation of peace. Perhaps most of us are rather too apt to fancy that the good terms on which we now live with our neighbours are certain to endure for ever; and it is well the country, should be occasionally reminded, as Lord Wolseley reminded it, that misunderstandings may at any moment spring up, and that it is of vital importance that we should be ready to defend our interests. Lord Wolseley offered some very sensible observations as to the conditions on which alone we can hope to have a thoroughly satisfactory army, and as to the high educational influence of military discipline. With regard to the Volunteers he spoke, as he always does, wisely and generously, and the expression of his enthusiasm on the subject ought to have a good effect in Oxford. Altogether, the address would have been excellent but for the unlucky tirade against certain "political schemers." Lord Wolseley has so much to say about military matters that is worth hearing, that it would be well, both for himself and the Army, if he would confine himself rigidly to his proper sphere, and leave political questions to persons better fitted to deal with them.

**PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF POOR CHILDREN.**—It will be a great pity if the interesting discussion initiated by Lord Meath last Monday in the Upper House leads to no practical result. He took up his parable in favour of imparting to the national curriculum a larger proportion of physical education. That this is required admits of no denial; the present one-sided system trains the intellect to unnatural sharpness, but leaves the muscular powers undeveloped. And since the great majority of children in the elementary schools are certain to have to earn a living by manual and not by mental toil, we are perversely preparing them for their future lives by giving them the very sort of training which cannot conduce to that end. Speaking with the official tongue—which always defends that which is, on account of the trouble involved in substituting that which ought to be—Lord Cranbrook raised the objection that the children already have as much work as they can do. Quite true; rather more in many cases. But that difficulty can easily be got over; speaking sound common sense, as he usually does, Lord Fortescue suggested that the required time could be gained by cutting down the book learning. The question of the best form to be given to the physical training is more difficult. Lord Meath prefers gymnastics, but the Duke of Cambridge and most of the other speakers favoured military drill. That has the advantages of being easily taught, safe, and inexpensive; whereas gymnastics, to be of any use, would necessitate a staff of skilled "professors" and a good deal of costly apparatus. This, however, is a detail; the matter for congratulation is to have obtained an authoritative expression of opinion that our present system of training working-class children is hopelessly perverse and stupid.

**THE SUGAR BILL.**—We ventured to hint last week that the Government would probably abandon the Sugar Bounties Convention Bill, and, after Mr. Smith's statement on Monday night, it certainly looks as if they had done so. If such is the case they had much better have said so frankly, instead of putting up poor Mr. Smith to talk like a traditional Talleyrand, instead of the plain blunt man of business he is popularly supposed to be. They could have given substantial reasons for their determination to surrender the Bill; those, for example, which we enumerated last week, and, in addition, that terrifying spectre, the "most-favoured nation clause," which has been solemnly trotted out by Sir William Harcourt, and which undoubtedly might get us into commercial difficulty with such a country as France, never over-accommodating where trade-interests are concerned. The upshot of the matter, therefore, is that, as regards sugar, we shall have to go on as before, and allow the bounty-fed producers of the Continent to undersell our colonial growers. We have little faith that the expense inflicted by the bounty system on the countries which grant it, will speedily cause its abrogation. Experience shows that when, on one side, there is a languid uninstructed public opinion, and, on the other, the immediate interests of shrewd and energetic manufacturers, the latter are pretty sure to hold their own.

**WILLIAM III. OF HOLLAND.**—During his recent illness the Dutch King had a great surprise in store for the world. Every one assumed that he was on the point of death. At various times, indeed, it was reported that he had actually died; and the people of Luxembourg went so far as to welcome a new Ruler, who formally assumed the functions of his office. But William III. had a better constitution than was generally supposed. He has recovered some measure of health, and was well enough the other day to issue a Manifesto on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of his accession to the Throne. The Dutch people are to be congratulated on this piece of good fortune, for they have greatly prospered during King William's reign, and in his lifetime they are not likely to have any very serious political troubles. Even if he had died, it is highly improbable that the safety of the country would have been in any way imperilled. Some Dutchmen occasionally profess to be suspicious as to the intentions of Germany with regard to their country; but no sensible person really supposes that Germany has the faintest intention of doing anything that would justify alarm. The various States of the German Empire are not so cordially united that Prince Bismarck should desire to bring upon himself new anxieties by casting covetous glances either towards Holland or towards her colonies. Within her own borders, however, Holland has some difficult problems to deal with, the chief of them being those which spring from the growing power of Socialism. If the country were ruled by a Regent acting in the name of a child, it is possible that these questions might become extremely perplexing. They will not cause much annoyance so long as the reins of government are in the hands of an experienced, prudent, and popular Sovereign.

**THE CENTRAL SUBWAY.**—An underground railway, worked by electricity, between Holborn Circus and Piccadilly, would, undoubtedly, be a great public convenience. So far as that goes, there is cause for rejoicing that a Bill authorising its construction is now before a Select Committee. But so many similar projects of admitted usefulness have halted there, that Londoners may be excused for the apathy with which they regard this new enterprise. The long-talked-of line connecting the Northern termini at the



Euston Road with Charing Cross is still in Cloudland; so is the badly-wanted bi-secting line from Notting Hill to the General Post Office. They came before Parliament, they were subjected to the Committee ordeal, they vanished, leaving not a wrack behind. In the present instance, however, there is an undertaking to work the traffic by electricity, thereby obviating the former objections to sulphureous fumes and air-shafts in mid-street. The engineer believes that sufficient ventilation will be insured by the trains acting as pistons to drive out the contaminated air. It is an ingenious idea, but we think the same expectation was originally entertained in the case of the Underground railways. There is no use in driving out polluted air unless an equal supply of pure air is ready to take its place, and where this will come from on the new line has not yet been explained to the public. But, whatever may be the fate of the project, it is a step in advance to have it admitted by competent authority that underground railways can be worked by electricity. That being no longer in dispute, perhaps the Metropolitan and District may recover, by adopting the new motor, some of the traffic which has been filched away from them by the omnibus companies.

IMPROVEMENTS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING ROOM.—He who writes these lines sometimes longs for the leisure which he enjoyed in former days, and which enabled him to be an habitual frequenter of this unrivalled book repository, because so much has been done since his time for the comfort and the convenience of the readers. It makes his mouth water (of course in a strictly intellectual sense) to read of the admirable catalogues, provided with both alphabetical indexes and subject-indexes; of the electric light; of the newspaper-room; of the increased number of days on which the Reading Room is open; and of the opening by night. In the old unprogressive days how short were the hours in winter! The doors closed remorselessly at 4 P.M., and, if a yellow fog came on, nothing could be done by daylight. One could not read, and, as one was not allowed to smoke, the more festive spirits temporarily abandoned the Temple of the Muses for adjacent Temples of Bacchus. No wonder, with all these conveniences, that the number of readers has increased. And the modern readers, one learns with some terror, yearly take out a larger percentage of books, both from the shelves which are under their own control, and from the library through the agency of the attendants. It would be interesting to know if the quality of the readers has kept pace with the improvements in other matters. Those whose Museum reminiscences can go back forty years will admit that there were some very queer and eccentric characters among the readers of that day. The readers then were not very numerous, for their trysting-place, which was approached by a yard out of Montague Place, was an apartment of not very imposing dimensions. They formed a sort of large family party, and there were one or two privileged elderly gentlemen, who were wont to discuss politics and other matters in voices audible all over the room. Good old Reading Room of 1849, what bitter-sweet memories you call up; and how astonished some of your then frequenters would be if introduced to your exceedingly superior successor!

FATHER DAMIEN.—Thousands of persons in Europe and America must have had a sense of personal loss when they heard of Father Damien's death. His career, in its own unobtrusive way, was as noble and heroic as that of any saint or martyr. We live in an age which is often described, perhaps truly, as thoroughly materialistic in its aims and methods. For that very reason it was a pleasure to many people to think of the gentle, unassuming priest, whose self-sacrificing enthusiasm had led him to devote himself to the service of a community stricken with a loathsome and hopeless malady. Father Damien saw nothing very wonderful in his own history; to him it seemed perfectly natural that he should go to the help of the lepers, and live among them contentedly and happily. To others, the story of his simple faith and burning zeal was an astonishing revelation of the power that may still be exerted by lofty spiritual motives. We do not know whether his own Church will take steps to do honour to his memory. Whether it does or not, it would certainly be well if, as Mr. Chapman has suggested, some expression were given to the universal respect—or, perhaps, we should say reverence—excited by the strange and beautiful life that has now come to an end. There is already a Fund for the benefit of the lepers who were under Father Damien's charge, and nothing, we may be sure, would have pleased him so much as the thought that they would be cared for after his death. As for Mr. Chapman's proposal that there should be a conference of experts on the subject of leprosy—that, we fear, would be of little service. Experts, if they met, could only assure one another that the disease is one with which medical science is at present incompetent to deal.

THE TEA DUTY.—Mr. Picton is, no doubt, a well-meaning person, but the public may well question his common sense. He would abolish the duty on tea, without providing a substitute to take its place as a source of revenue. Even Sir William Harcourt, intensely sympathetic as he professed to be, could not stomach such a perversity of maladroitness. But even if some substitute could be

found, the proposal would be open to the gravest objection on its own merits. Abolish this easily collected and universally paid duty, and those of the working classes who neither smoke tobacco nor consume stimulants would not contribute a single farthing to the expenses of the State. But they would still retain their votes, and representation would, therefore, be separated from taxation so far as they were concerned. Apart from this Constitutional objection, an abundance of reasons can be given for maintaining an impost which no one really feels. Owing to the enormous increase of the tea supply during recent years, a really good article can be purchased at a price which would scarcely have bought "Malloo mixture" in 1865, when the duty was lowered to the present figure. Practically, therefore, an automatic process of competition has given the consumer quite as much benefit as if the duty had been abolished. And what is the consequence? That the consumption increases annually, especially among the working classes. Mr. Picton states that many of the poor regularly take tea four times a day; three times is, we believe, quite a common practice. But really, for health's sake, it would be a cruel kindness to cheapen tea. Poor women keep it stewing in the pot for hours, and undoubtedly impair their digestions by the injurious ingredients which they thus take into their system. They would be wiser to spend the same money in milk, gruel, vegetable broth, or even malt liquor, provided they can get the latter unadulterated.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued AN EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, II."

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FOR the ADVERTISEMENT of the SAVOY GALLERY see page 547.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—Every Evening (except SATURDAY), at Eight, MACBETH. Macbeth, Mr. Henry Irving; Lady Macbeth, Miss Ellen Terry.  
MATINEE—MACBETH. SATURDAY, May 18, at Two, and every Saturday in May and June excepting June 29. On these Saturdays the Theatre will be closed at night. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open 10 to 5. Seats can be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

GLOBE.—KING RICHARD III.—Every Evening at 8, Shakespeare's Tragedy KING RICHARD III. Duke of Gloster, Mr. RICHARD MANSFIELD. Box Office open daily from 10 to 5.—Mr. E. D. Price, Manager.

BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING, at Seven, THE MYSTERY OF A HANSON CAB. Misses Amy McNeill, Oliver Webb, Emma Roberts, Brian; Messrs. Algernon Syms, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardiner, W. Glenn, H. Bertram, &c. Concluding with THE DEVIL AND THE DESERTER.

BRIGHTON THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, MAY 20th, THE GIRLS.

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GRAND EVENING FLORAL FETE, in aid of the GARDENERS' ORPHAN FUND, will be held in the Wholesale Flower Market, Covent Garden, by permission of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, K.G., on WEDNESDAY, May 23rd, from Eight to Twelve o'clock. OPENING CEREMONY, at Eight p.m., by the Baroness BURDETT-COUTTS. Under the Patronage of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Teck, the Marchioness of Salisbury, The Duchess of Bedford, The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, Countess Spencer, Lady George Hamilton, The Lady Mayoresse, Band of the Royal Horse Guards, to be obtained of Mr. J. Asbee, Market Office, Covent Garden; and the Hon. Sec., A. F. Barron, Horticultural Gardens, Chiswick.

INTERNATIONAL HALL. SPANISH CONCERTS.—The Estudiantina Española produced a wonderful impression yesterday (Saturday) afternoon. Vide New York Herald, Sunday, May 12. INTERNATIONAL HALL, PICCADILLY CIRCUS. EVERY DAY at Three and Eight. Music National Dances, Songs. Twenty performers. Prices, 6s., 3s., 1s. Tickets at the Hall and all the Libraries. N.B.—The dances will be given at every performance. INTERNATIONAL HALL.

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£1,300 IN PRIZES. Price Lists on application to R. YENNER, Secretary.

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THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, is now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM, and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

THE NEW GALLERY, Regent Street.—SUMMER EXHIBITION now open. 9 till 7. Admission One Shilling.

WAGNER in his Home.—"WAHNFRIED," Professor BECKMANN'S Celebrated Historical Picture, is NOW ON VIEW at RUD. IBACH SOHN'S Pianoforte Saloon, 113, Oxford Street, W. Admission by Private Card.

PLEASURE CRUISE TO NORWAY, visiting the North Cape, to see the Midnight Sun. THE ORIENT CO. will dispatch their large, full-powered steamship CHIMBORAZO (3,876 tons register, 3,000 horse power) from London on the 13th June, for Christiania, Bergen, Gudvangen, Molde, Naes, Tromsø, Trondheim, Hammerfest, Lerwick, arriving in London on the 9th July. The steamer will be navigated inside the fringe of islands off the Coast of Norway, thus securing smooth water. Cut the Royal Academy. The CHIMBORAZO is fitted with the electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Managers F. GREEN and CO., 13, Fenchurch Avenue; ANDERSON, ANDERSON and CO., 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C. For further particulars apply to the latter firm, or to the West End Agents, GRINDLAY and CO., 55, Parliament Street, S.W.

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BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS From Victoria and London Bridge Terminus. Also Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road). Return Tickets London to Brighton, available eight days. Cheap Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets. Available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday from Victoria 10.0 a.m., Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton Every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s. Pullman Cars run in trains between London and Brighton. Through Bookings to Brighton from principal Stations. On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

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FOR full particulars, see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hayes Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand. (By Order) A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

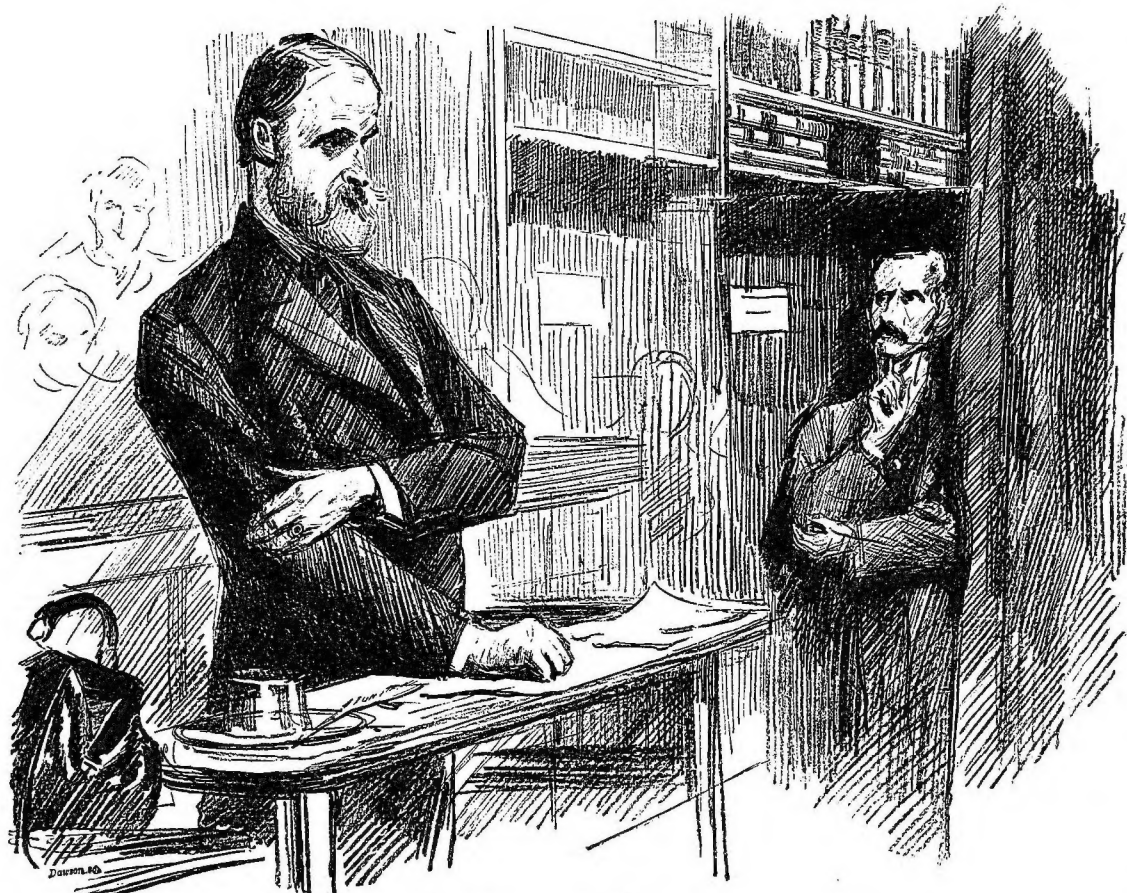


A WATER PICNIC AT TSU SIMA, JAPAN. AN impromptu picnic is always enjoyable provided the weather be fine, the country pretty, and the company congenial. If this is the case with land-folk, it is far more so with those whose home is on the sea. A picnic affords a thorough break from the narrowing life on board ship, and almost compensates for the absence of those gentler beings who form so attractive a feature in similar excursions at home—though, even on foreign service, they frequently brighten up the proceedings by their presence. Our sketches, by Mr. C. W. Cole, R.N., illustrate a very impromptu picnic of officers who have duly landed in a picturesque corner of far Japan. On a sudden impulse, a boat has been "called away," a basket packed, guns and rods secured, towels not omitted, blue-jacket volunteers called, and readily obtained, and the whole party "shoved off" in less than ten minutes. The one landing-place—found after a long land-locked journey—was flooded by the tide during a short excursion inland, but here we will let the incidents depicted speak for themselves. All difficulties, however, are eventually overcome, and time flies only too rapidly—so that, as there is but little twilight in those regions, the party as they return full of jest and song have some difficulty in selecting their ship amidst the bewildering lights of the squadron.

THE PARNELL COMMISSION See page 535

"RESCUE" WE need not enlarge here on the merits of Mr. Tom Hemy's picture, which vividly tells its own story, and also forcibly brings to the spectator the fact that, within living memory, from a ship home to the trough of a tremendous sea, and underneath a thus situated in the trough of a tremendous sea, and underneath a beetling cliff, scarcely a life could have been saved except by some providential occurrence almost amounting to a miracle. Whereas now, owing to the invention of the life-rocket, a means of communication can be opened between a distressed ship and the shore in cases where a lifeboat would be unavailable, either on account of the shoaly character of the beach, or (as in Mr. Hemy's example), when there is a furious sea breaking against a steep range of rocks. The germ of the invention was known ages ago, as, for example, in the case of the knight who shot an arrow to which a thread was attached into the window of the tower in which his comrade was immured. To the lower end of the thread was attached a piece of string, to the string a cord, and to the cord a rope, which enabled the prisoner to descend and regain his liberty. The first life-saving rocket was devised nearly a hundred years ago. In that case the





*Mr. Parnell Cross-examined by the Attorney-General—  
Major Le Caron a Witness*



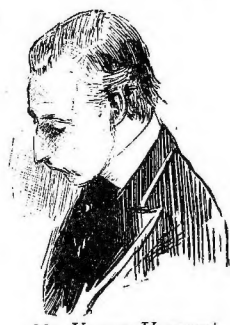
*Mr. Edmund Yates*



*Canon Malcolm McColl*



*Mr. George Meredith  
studies character*



*Mr. Vernon Harcourt*



*Lord Sherbrooke leaving the Court by the "Well" entry;  
Lady Sherbrooke assists him to descend*



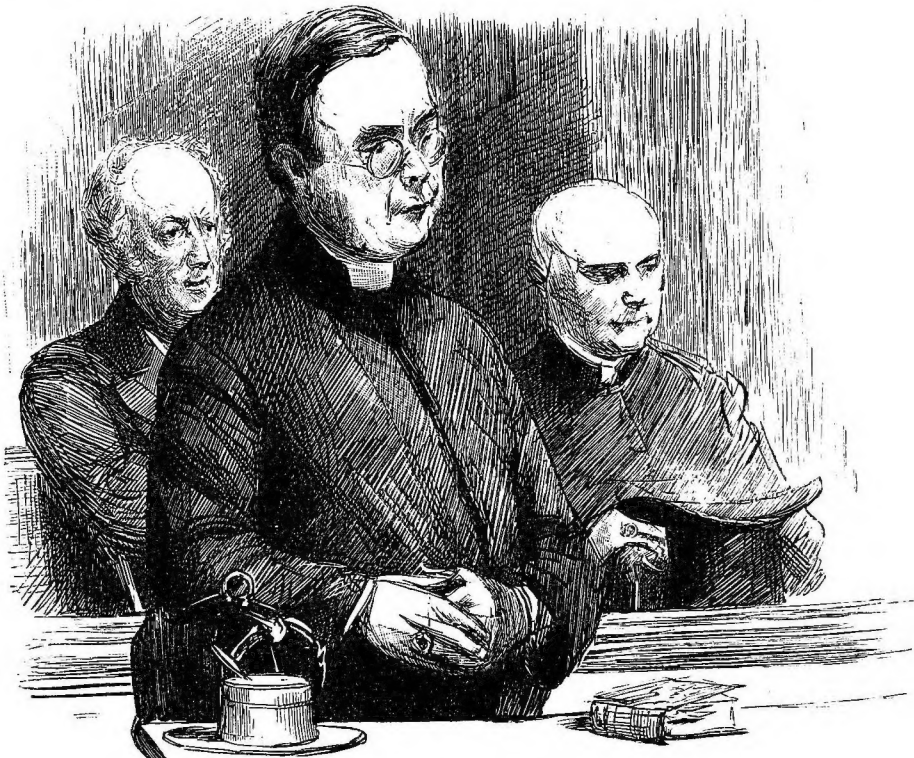
*The Duchess of Abercorn*



*Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A., making Studies for  
his Picture of the Commission Court*



*Fresh from Prison—Messrs. W. O'Brien and E. Harrington appear in Court*

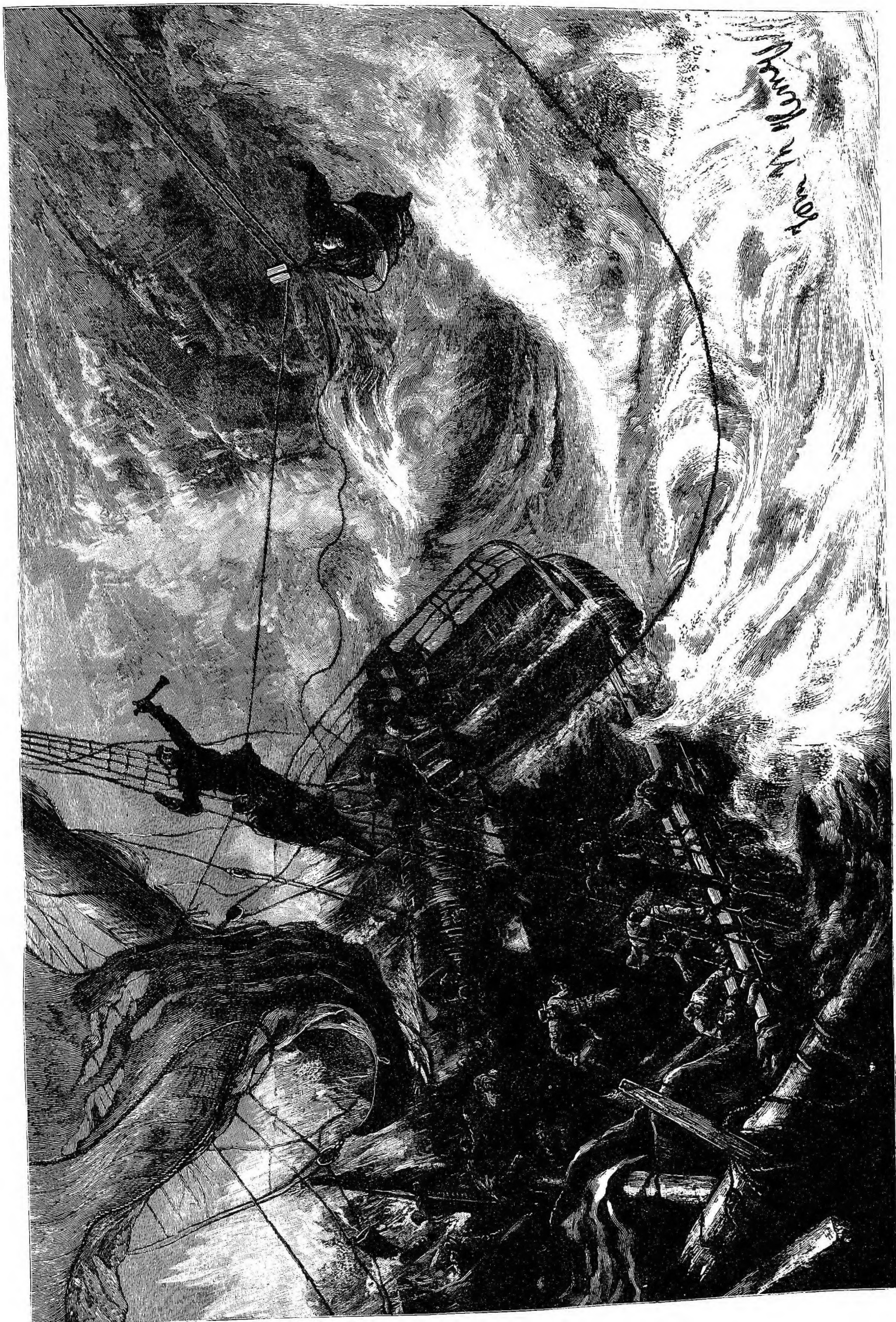


*Archbishop Walsh in the Witness-Box*

THE PARNELL COMMISSION AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE

NOTES AND SKETCHES IN COURT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL





"RESCUE"

FROM THE PICTURE BY TOM M. HENY, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY  
 "She struck where the white and fleecy waves  
 Looked soft as carded wool,  
 But the cruel rocks they gored her sides  
 Like the horns of an angry bull."



projectile was discharged from the ship to the shore, but it was soon found advisable to reverse the operation. Gradually the apparatus was improved, a process with which the names of Manby, Boxer, Dennett, and Kisbee are indissolubly associated, until it attained its present degree of practical efficiency.

## INDIANS RACING IN THE NORTH WEST TERRITORY

OUR illustration is from a sketch by Mr. C. E. Fripp, who has been taking a trip across the North American Continent by the Canadian Pacific Railway route. The scene as depicted is characteristic of Indian life, for like the Arab of the East, the Red-skin of the West is passionately addicted to horsemanship, and the young braves take the keenest pleasure in exhibiting their skill in horsemanship, and in trying the speed of their respective steeds. Such bits of genuine Indian life, however, are becoming rarer and rarer year by year—as the iron horse brings all the trammels of civilisation in its rear, and the Indians are gradually becoming more and more absorbed in the settled population. In all there are a little over 100,000 Indians in the Canadian Dominion, and of these fully half are in the North-Western Districts, where Mr. Fripp's sketch was taken, while another fourth inhabit British Columbia. They are mainly located in reserves, where they are instructed in agricultural and other work by officers of the Government, and own implements and live-stock of a considerable value. Their children, also, are being educated as far as practicable by the establishment of schools. The Indians have certainly—especially in the more Eastern provinces—made considerable progress in civilisation, although many still follow in the footsteps of their forefathers, and keep to the pursuits of hunting and fishing for a livelihood. It was such a company as this which is shown in our illustration. The Indians, and particularly those in British Columbia, are a patient and law-abiding people, and are largely employed in connection with the lumber industries and the establishments for preserving and canning salmon.

## A DURBAR IN RANGOON, THE UNITED STATES CENTENARY, AND THE NEW STATUE OF THE QUEEN, See page 533

### MILITARY PHYSICAL TRAINING

THE physical training, as at present carried out in the British Army, has been introduced in place of what was formerly known as the Extension Motions, and is undoubtedly a great improvement on them, as it brings into play and develops more fully those muscles which were not affected by the old system. In the new exercises, the men are taught to bend their bodies all ways; there are also special exercises for stretching the arms and the legs. At first the recruits are taught without anything in their hands, but as they become more efficient, they perform many of the exercises with their rifles, which, of course, have much the same effect as the exercises performed with the bar bells in a gymnasium. Many of the practices have been adopted from the calisthenic exercises which have been taught in gymnasiums for some years, and to make some of the exercises more attractive to the men, and also to strengthen their lungs, it has been laid down that, when possible, the drills should be performed to music, on the Swedish system. Familiar choruses are used, such as "Sailing" and "Two Lovely Black Eyes," which latter is sung by the men when doing the third practice of the seventh exercise, viz., striking out with the right and left hand alternately, as if actually inflicting severe punishment on an opponent. Another favourite is, "Sister Mary Walks Like This." One of the objects of performing these practices with rifles is to lead up to the new bayonet exercise, which it is expected will shortly be published. The motions have been so arranged that each subsequent one brings into play those muscles which were at rest in the preceding one.

Our illustrations show some of the difficulties and amusing positions that the recruits find themselves in before they have thoroughly mastered all the details of the various exercises.

### SIGNALS USED IN MANŒUVRING

THESE engravings, which are from sketches by Mr. Arthur M. Horwood, of 79, Mark Lane, E.C., depict an officer instructing his company in the signals used in manœuvres, as laid down in the New Infantry Drill Book. By means of these signals, an officer is able to communicate his orders without the aid of a bugle or any other sound; and thus avoids the risk of informing the enemy of the movements about to take place. After this slight explanation, should any civilian happen to espy a military officer going through extravagant movements of this description, he will understand that the officer is merely signalling to his men, and that they do not necessarily proceed from any mental aberration.

### "THE TENTS OF SHEM,"

A NEW STORY by Grant Allen, illustrated by E. F. Brawnall, R.W.S., and E. Barclay, is continued on page 537.

## LIFE AMONG THE WILD BLACKS IN NORTH QUEENSLAND

THE Australian Continent at its north-eastern extremity tapers to a point. This region is called the Cape York Peninsula, the chief town is Cooktown, there are several payable gold-fields, and sugar plantations are numerous. The climate is thoroughly tropical, Cooktown being only sixteen degrees south of the equator. Our engravings are from photographs by Mr. D. Macfarlane, who writes from Weary Bay on the Bloomfield River, where, upwards of one hundred years ago, Captain Cook threw some of his cannon overboard, in consequence of having run on a coral reef. One of the engravings depicts a camp of cannibal blacks, taken at early morning before they had lighted their fires. An old woman in the distance is seen in the act of performing this domestic operation. On the left is a bunch of spears and a trough. Out of the latter, a few days before, this cheerful company had eaten the flesh of one of their womenkind. The smaller engraving represents the hut erected by Mr. Macfarlane on the block of land which he had selected. It is a primitive structure, built of palm-tree stems, and thatched with grass. In front of the door stands a clump of sugarcane; while, immediately behind the hut, the virgin forest begins. These two engravings convey some idea of pioneer-life in the wilds of Northern Australia.

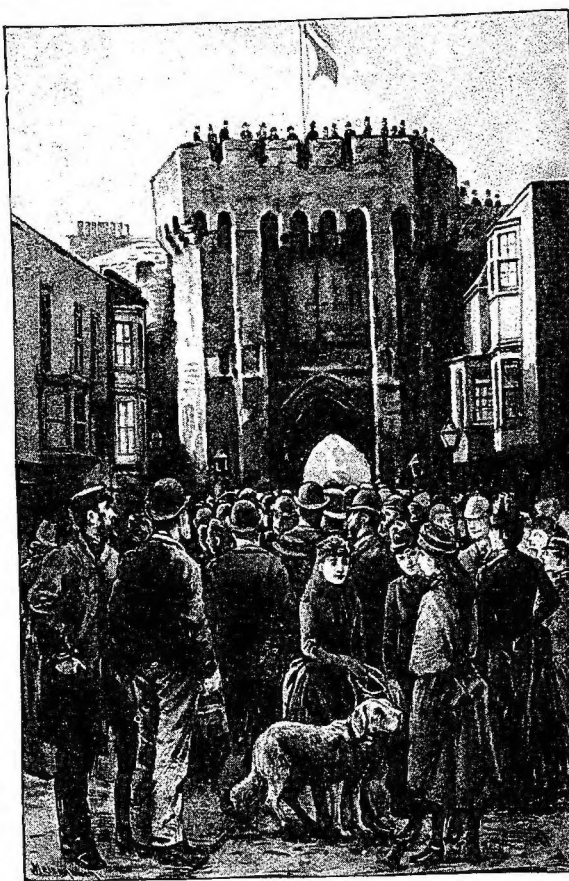
### A WELSH FESTIVE GATHERING

OF the four nationalities amongst whom the United Kingdom is divided, the Welsh have the most fervid local patriotism, and the English the least. The anniversaries of St. Andrew, St. Patrick, and St. David are enthusiastically celebrated by their respective fellow-countrymen; whereas St. George is left out in the cold. We doubt if one fairly-educated Englishman in a dozen could tell off-hand his national saint's day in the calendar. This indifference is partly due to the prosaic and phlegmatic nature of the English, as compared to their Celtic fellow-citizens; but it is also due to the fact that in his own island John Bull is so completely "boss of the show" that he needs no adventitious incentives to patriotism. When he crosses the Atlantic, however, and finds himself in an English-speaking community where he is in a decided minority—the Irish alone being fully four

times as numerous—his patriotism is greatly stimulated, he becomes a Son of St. George, and celebrates April 23rd with a heartiness shown by very few of his countrymen at home. Herein we perceive the clue to the ardent patriotism of the Cymri people. Though the clue to the ardent patriotism of the Anglo-Norman England, they overborne by, and incorporated with, their local customs, and have always maintained their language, their local customs, and their sense of separate national existence. So much the better, for nothing is more detestable, though greatly favoured by the levelling spirit of Democracy, than a dead level of uniformity. St. David's day, accordingly, is enthusiastically celebrated in the Principality. Our artist, Mr. T. H. Thomas, of Cardiff, although himself a true Cymri, does not hesitate to take a humorous view of one of these festivals, which took place on March 1st, in Cardiff. His sketches are practically explained by the appended sub-titles, but it may be parenthetically observed that, in proposing the Memory of St. David, Archdeacon Griffiths spoke of him as a man who stood forward and spoke boldly for his country and his God, a patriot of the purest water, and of the highest integrity of mind. It is also worth noting how the Welsh people, though often divided by wide stretches of ocean, remain linked together in bonds of patriotic sympathy. On this occasion congratulatory addresses were received from Welshmen resident in various parts of the United Kingdom, and also from a town in Pennsylvania, called Scranton, where there are settled no less than 15,000 sons and daughters of the Principality.

### MAY CELEBRATION AT SOUTHAMPTON

THE ancient custom of celebrating the incoming of May with "musical honours" given on church tower or "moss-covered roof" has for some years been duly observed at Southampton. To Mr. J. F. Sharp, of that town, is largely due the credit of this revival, only, instead of church tower, the ancient Bargate was selected by Mr. Sharp, and, having obtained the sanction and patronage of the municipal authorities, he at once organised a choir of male voices, twenty-five in number, whose splendid rendering of part songs has caused them to be known as the "May Choir." The Bargate is a fine old structure crossing the High Street, once the northern limit, but now the centre of the town. Behind its gray battlements on the north side, the Corporation annually



erects a platform, and at six o'clock on the morning of May the 1st the scene is quite festive. Thousands of people from all parts of the town and county are there assembled, stretching right up the Above Bar Street, from which point our illustration is taken. Programmes are printed and distributed amongst the people, the town flag is run up punctually at the time of commencing, and for one hour this vast audience attentively strain their ears to catch the flood of grand harmonies that are being poured forth in praise of "bounteous May." This is the sixth annual celebration under the bâton of Mr. J. F. Sharp, who, as we have said, initiated or revived this ancient custom in the borough.

### LIEUTENANT POLLEN

AND

### SARCOPHAGUS OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH

See page 541.

### LIEUTENANT WARD

See page 542.

### HERR JOHANNES WOLFF

JOHANNES WOLFF, who lately has come into prominence as a violinist of the first rank, was born in 1862 at the Hague, where his father was a Government official. At the age of nine he heard Wieniawski, who seems to have inspired Wolff with an ardent desire of becoming a violinist, but the father considered this profession a precarious one, and Wolff, yielding to his father's wishes, began to study law, continuing in the meanwhile his musical studies. He took, finally, his degree as a jurist, and is entitled to practise as an advocate. He studied the violin under several masters, and when fourteen years old he took part in a competition for the King of Holland's Scholarship, in which he came out first. This scholarship was a travelling one, and he was thereby enabled to visit the best schools on the Continent. He first studied in Germany, and afterwards in Paris, where he remained for several years, and where he finally made his public debut at the Pasedoupe concerts. His appearance was a great success, and gradually the Parisian Press, who at first seemed to have a suspicion of his nationality, also became warm in their praise of the young artist. Wolff afterwards went on tour to South America, Portugal, Germany, Norway, and Sweden, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm. Some years ago he was summoned to play before his Sovereign, who is a great patron of music. The King was greatly delighted with the playing of Wolff, and decorated him there and then with

the Order of the Oak, a great distinction in Holland. Wolff has now been violinist to the King for the last six years. Wolff possesses a splendid instrument—a Stradivarius, a present from the Italian Duke of Camposelice. He came to England a year ago, and soon became a great favourite in the principal salons of London society. In September last year he played before the Queen, at Balmoral, when Her Majesty presented him with a set of pearl studs. Quite lately, he received the offer of a Professorship at the Strassburg Conservatory, which he, however, declined. He has now so many good friends in England, and has been so well received here, that it is most probable that he will make England his home in the future.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Walery, 164, Regent Street, W.

## THE BEHAR LIGHT HORSE MEETING AT MUZAFARPUR

THESE races took place towards the end of January, and the *Calcutta Englishman* tells us that the meeting was especially bright and gay. "Two four-in-hands drew up in front of the race stand, one driven by Major Macleod, in which were Sir Frederick Roberts and his staff, and another the Darbhanga drag, which was covered by a crowd of the fair sex in all their glory, the ribbons being handled by Dr. Macleod. The racing was not first-class, but none the less enjoyable on that account. A very amusing match took place between Mr. John and Mr. Abbott, while our sporting little secretary held his own, and Jerusalem landed him a winner by several lengths. He lost his hat to say nothing of his breath in the endeavour to beat one of the finest gentlemen riders of the day. In the evening we were agreeably entertained at Jordan Chupra, by a concert and amateur theatricals." Two days later took place the great event of the meeting, the march past of the Behar Light Horse, and their inspection by Sir Frederick Roberts, who, at the close of the proceedings, made a very flattering speech to the corps. After confessing that though he had always heard it was composed of keen hard riding men, he had no idea that the regiment was so efficient, and that such a grand feeling of esprit de corps pervaded all ranks, he continued, "The planters of Behar can pride themselves on having formed the only body of volunteer cavalry which has had anything like a long life. For more than a quarter of a century the Behar Light Horse has been the senior regiment of Volunteer Cavalry in India, and the number of efficient on parade to-day shows that a good healthy spirit of volunteering exists in the district. . . . I can only express my confidence that if ever your regiment is required in time of trouble every man of you will ably maintain the high reputation of the corps." Sir Frederick Roberts spoke especially of the regiment's steadiness in the gallop in line—a severe test to any cavalry, and which he characterised as "simply marvellous."

## AN EXCITING MOMENT AT A LEVEL CROSSING

LEVEL crossings are extremely convenient on the score of expense. They save a great deal of money to the railway company when the line is in course of construction, but they are a fruitful source of accident both to horse and foot passengers. Indeed, in the neighbourhood of large towns, or where a dense population has grown up around them, they are found to be so dangerous that they are usually replaced by bridges. In the picture before us Mr. Charlton has depicted with great skill an accident which is by no means rare in the experience of persons who live in country districts and have occasion to drive a good deal. In this case the party in the carriage must have reached the line just as the gatekeeper was about to close the gates in preparation for the approaching train. Under ordinary circumstances there would be plenty of time to cross, but something (probably the distant puffing of the locomotive) has frightened the ponies; they will go neither forward nor backward, but remain glued to the metals. The lady seated by the driver looks with terror at the advancing train, and the footman is in the act of descending with the view of forcing the obstinate animals either to advance or retreat. But the time available is so brief that one feels that the chaise and its occupants run considerable risk of being dashed to pieces.

## PICTURES OF THE YEAR, II.

OF the seven engravings of these pictures which we place before our readers this week, two are from the Grosvenor Gallery, the remaining five from the Royal Academy. Let us first speak of the former. Mr. Pettie has this year been very industrious as a portrait-painter, and none of his likenesses will be viewed with more interest by the general public than that of Mr. Rider Haggard. Some objection has been made to the upward gaze of the eyes, but we presume that the author of "She" was "took" just when a thrill of the divine *afflatus* had settled upon him. Mr. John Collier has never done stronger work than in his picture of "Hetty Sorrel." The agonised expression on the young mother's face, as she covers her ears to deaden the sound of her deserted baby's wailing, is most powerfully rendered.—Turning now to the Academy we begin with Mr. Kennington's "Pinch of Poverty." It is a pretty picture, almost too pretty, perhaps, for admirers of stern reality. Rarely in actual life do we see persons reduced to destitution with such comely winning faces.—As we remarked last week, it is a marvel that Scriptural subjects are so comparatively rare in modern collections, for they are nearly always interesting. Mr. Ernest Normand's "Death of the First-Born" is a powerful picture, and is fraught with an archæological correctness which is more vigorously demanded now than it was in the earlier centuries of painting.—Mr. J. C. Dollman gives us an old-world incident in the break-down of the coach. It is entitled, "Worse Things Happen at Sea." Nobody seems to have been hurt; and when one thinks of the multitudinous horrors of a railway smash, one fancies (though wrongly) that coach-travelling was safer.—Mr. Alfred Parsons' landscapes are always charming objects of contemplation; and if we were starting a collection of our own, we should like nothing better than to own this picture of "The Valley of the Thames," and to hang it on the line, so that the eye might feast on it at leisure.—The same may be said of a picture of a totally different kind, Mr. Dendy Sadler's "Over the Nuts and Wine." The four gentlemen are admirably and humorously characterised; while all the surroundings are in excellent keeping. The picture conveys a sensation of easy-going snugness, befitting an era when such pestilent inventions as steam and electricity were in their infancy.

## THE MANATEE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

THIS latest distinguished arrival at Regent's Park is one of the two still surviving genera of *Manatidae*, which belong to the order of *Sirenia*, or to call them by their English name, Sea Cows. Of these two species the dugong (*Halocore dugong*) is found in the Indian Ocean, and the manatee (*Manatus Australis*), the mermaid of the ancients (which our artist has depicted in his illustration), is found on the West Coast of Africa and Tropical America, the present specimen coming from Demerara. The little chap in the Zoological Gardens is comparatively juvenile, being only about a year old, and is about three feet six inches in length, a full grown specimen being about twelve feet long. It has been placed in a large warm water-tank in the Reptile House, and as it is entirely herbivorous, is fed upon lettuce, of which it consumes some three dozen daily. It eats under water, using its forepaws like hands, but in the same way as the seal it comes up to the surface occasionally for air. It is difficult to imagine how our forefathers could have evolved the mermaid out of such an ugly creature as either the dugong or the manatee. The body of the latter is compact and

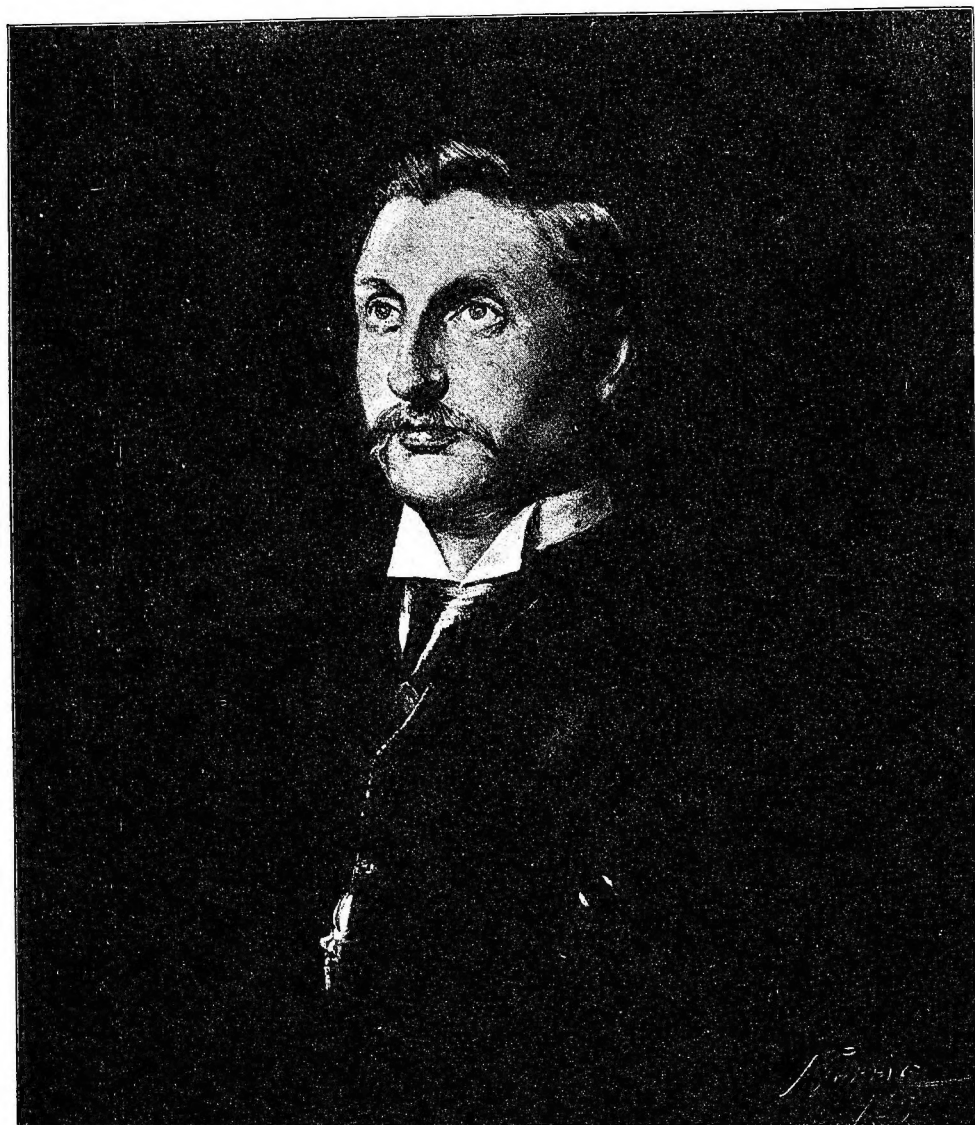




T. B. KENNINGTON

"THE PINCH OF POVERTY"

Royal Academy



JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

H. RIDER HAGGARD

Grosvenor Gallery



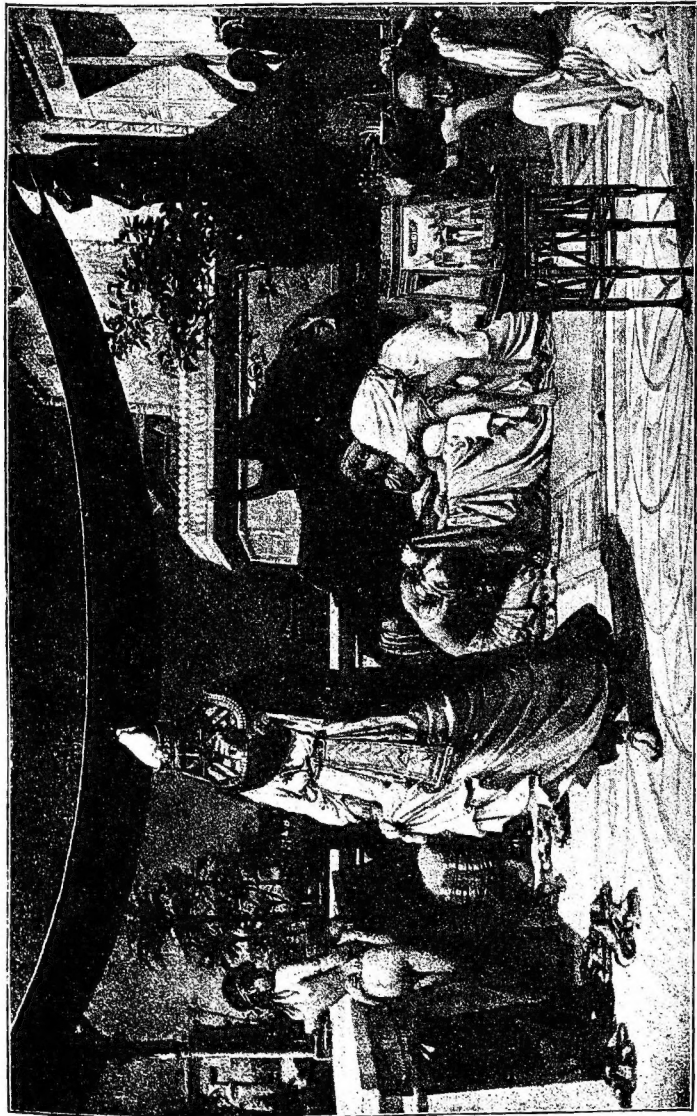
HON. JOHN COLLIER

"HETTY SORREL"

Grosvenor Gallery

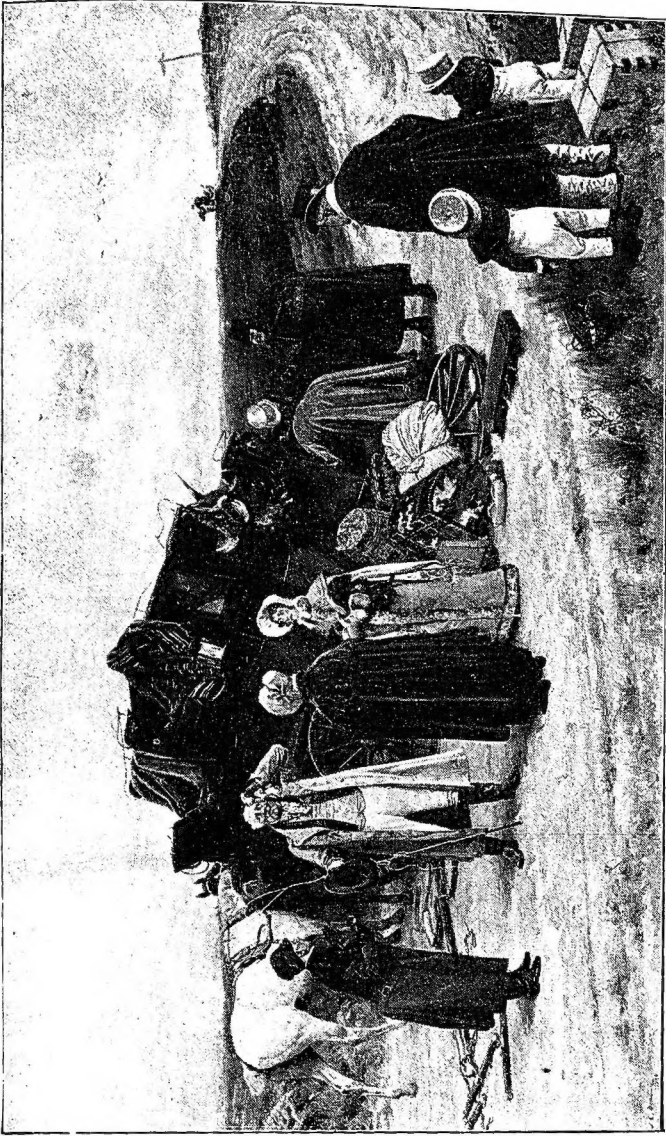
"And I made haste out of the wood, but I could hear it crying all the while"





ERNEST NORMAND  
"THE DEATH OF THE FIRSTBORN"—Exodus xii., 29

Royal Academy



J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.

"WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA"

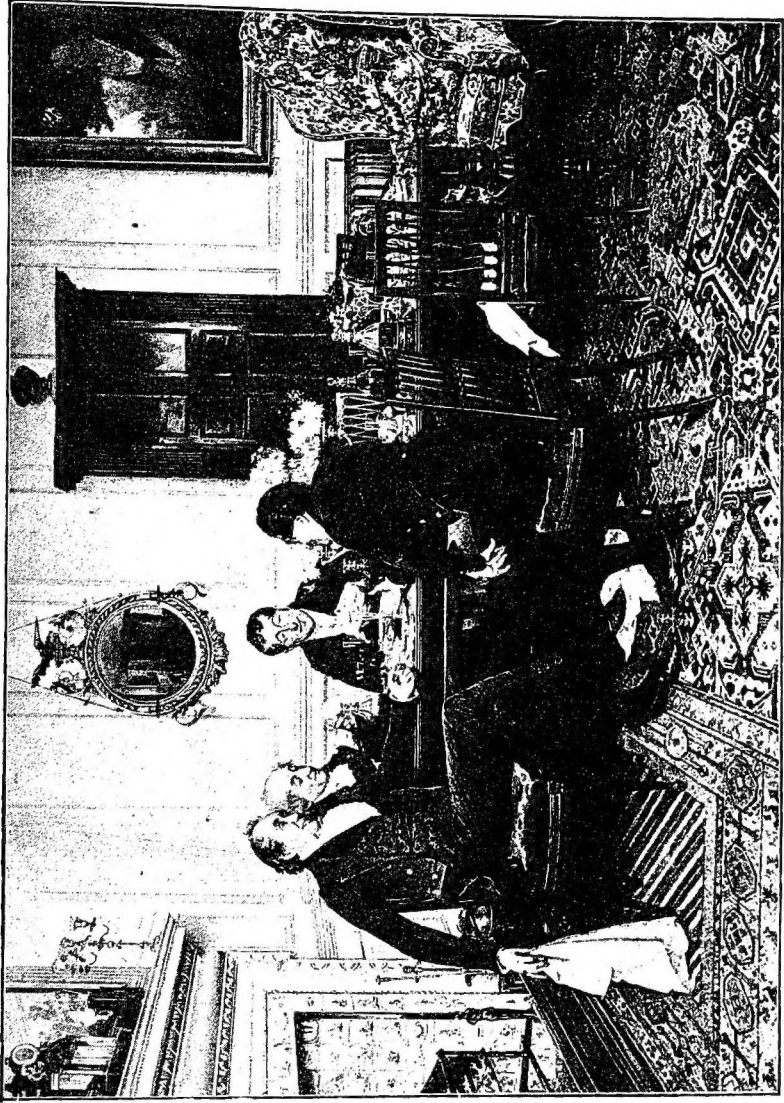
Royal Academy



ALFRED PARSONS, R.I.

"THE VALLEY OF THE THAMES"

Royal Academy



W. DENDY SADLER

"OVER THE NUTS AND WINE"  
(To be published by L. H. Liffert as an etching)

Royal Academy



lindrical, narrowing towards the tail, which is large, flat, rounded, like that of the beaver, but as in the whale is directed horizontally. The head is round and clumsy in appearance, and can be hardly distinguished from the body by any neck; the eyes are very small and deep-set, and the ears are simply the eyes in the skin. The muzzle is large and fleshy, and the lips are lined with short, hard, very peculiarly shaped bristles, the upper lip, which is somewhat prehensile, being furnished with bristles in the middle, while the jaws are furnished with very full and cleft in the middle, the whole being specially adapted to the animal's method of feeding. The food is taken by the divisions of the upper lip, being held securely by the bristles, and is passed into the mouth by a backward movement of the lips, the process being repeated with considerable rapidity, and the animal reminding the spectator of a gigantic caterpillar in the act of feeding. The fore limbs may be described as swimming paws, being in fact hands—four fingers and a thumb—covered with skin and ending in claws. The above is condensed from an interesting article in the *Saturday Review*, and the writer tells us that the new-comer in the Zoo is quiet and docile, and seems quite at home in its tank, showing no fear of the crowds of persons continually gathered in front of it. In the morning, when the water in the tank is drawn off, the keeper sponges it all down—a proceeding which it thoroughly appreciates. It is amusing to watch the methodical manner in which the animal retires to one particular corner of the tank, and folding its flippers under it and closing its eyes, composes itself apparently for a long and comfortable sleep, which, however, never lasts more than two minutes and a half, at the end of which time it is forced to rise to the surface for air.

### MEMORIAL TO JENNY LIND

A VERY tasteful memorial, designed by Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., has recently been erected at Malvern, in memory of the much-lamented Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, who died there on



Novem'ber 2nd, 1887, having been born at Stockholm, October 6th, 1820. The medallion placed above the inscription symbolises the musical capacities of a songstress whose popularity while she remained on the operatic stage was perhaps never exceeded.



SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, presiding at a meeting held in London on Tuesday to protest against the Sugar Bounties Convention Bill, reiterated the familiar objections with which it has been assailed. At the same time, after Mr. W. H. Smith's statements in the House of Commons, he said that he regarded the Bill as virtually abandoned. A resolution condemning the Sugar Convention, moved by Mr. H. H. Fowler, M.P., seconded by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and supported by Mr. Bradlaugh, was carried by an immense majority. The meeting was open only to holders of tickets, which had been distributed by the various Liberal and Radical organisations of London. A number of persons, who were refused admission because they were without tickets, held a separate meeting, presided over by Mr. W. T. Lawrence, M.P. for the Abercromby Division of Liverpool, when resolutions were adopted in favour of the Sugar Convention, and protesting against "the alliance of English politicians with foreign Protectionists in order to crush a defenceless industry of England and her colonies."

SIR WILLIAM HART DYKE, Vice-President of Council, has made a very conciliatory reply to an influential deputation who urged objections to the new Education Code, as endangering the existence of Voluntary Schools. The Government, he said, wished to give the amplest time possible for the consideration of the Code before it came into operation, and a considerable period must necessarily elapse before it could be discussed in the House of Commons. All the objections of the deputation would receive careful attention, and nothing would cause him more bitter disappointment than to be accused hereafter of having done anything to injure Voluntary Schools.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL, at its meeting on Tuesday, elected Mr. Shirley F. Murphy to be its Medical Officer of Health, with a salary of £1,000 a-year. A Committee of thirty members, among whom was Mr. Augustus Harris, were also elected to consider both the structural condition and the licensing arrangements of the theatres and music halls. By a majority of 48 to 22 the Council adopted a resolution expressing hearty approval of the Bill now before Parliament, for enabling women to sit as County Councillors. In the discussion on it, Miss Cobden mentioned, among the reasons why women should be allowed to sit, that they had to look after the housing of the poor, and the female inmates of lunatic asylums and industrial schools. Lady Sandhurst had under her

charge no fewer than twenty-three baby-farms. The fair orator created some amusement by asking whether the Chairman, the Deputy-Chairman, or the Vice Chairman would undertake the arduous duty of visiting these establishments if Lady Sandhurst's election were declared void.

IRELAND.—The evictions on Lord Massareene's estate, in county Louth, began on Tuesday, when five families were evicted, without any resistance beyond barricades too slight to require the use of the battering ram. The farms on which evictions took place are to be planted with Protestant farmers from the north of Ireland.—Mr. Balfour has replied in a letter to several statements respecting the administration of the law in Ireland, made by Mr. Herbert Gladstone during a recent visit to Tavistock. One of the most characteristic of these was an insinuation that among the instruments of eviction in the arsenal of the Irish government, "there is a stock of petroleum on hand in different centres for burning down peasants' cottages." "This charge," Mr. Balfour says, "is absolutely untrue. It is founded, at least in one instance, upon the discovery by an Irish M.P. of a tub of liquid matter in one of the houses at Clongorey, from which the occupiers had been evicted. But this vessel, so far from holding petroleum for use, by the police, upon the property of peasants, contained, as a matter of fact, a noxious compound, forming a part of the derelict ammunition laid in by the defenders for use upon the heads of the officers of the law."—Six hundred men and eighteen officers of the South Irish division Artillery Militia, from Tipperary, are to undergo thirty-four days' training at Plymouth, and this is said to be the first instance of an Irish militia regiment being sent to be trained in England.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the Lord Mayor presiding, Cardinal Manning contrasted the punishment inflicted for the theft of a spoon with the practical impunity permitted to child murder. Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Mundella (who has introduced a Bill in furtherance of the objects of the Society), and the Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police were among the other speakers.—Mr. Monro remarking that he and his force were, and always would be, friends of the Society, but that the police did not make the law, their only function was to carry it out.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER AND CARDINAL MANNING unite in an appeal for financial aid to the Westminster Sanitary Aid Association, of which they are vice-presidents, and the object of which they define to be to "guard the rich and benefit the poor," by preventing the spread of infectious diseases, by showing the poor how this is to be done, and by assisting them to carry out the necessary precautions. For seven years, readers of the appeal are informed, whenever the sanitary visitors of the Association have been called in, no single instance has occurred of infection spreading. Less than 200l. a year covers the Association's expenses, and the contributions are received by the treasurer, Major Cavendish Fitzroy, 48, Buckingham Palace Road.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death of the Dowager Lady Henniker, widow of the fourth Lord Henniker, and daughter of the late Sir Edward Kerrison; of General William S. Simpson, of the Madras Staff Corps, after fifty-one years of service; in his seventy-third year, of Admiral Henry S. Hawker; in his eighty-fifth year, of Major Jonathan White, of the 1st Notts, or Robin Hood Volunteer Rifles, the oldest Adjutant of Volunteers; in his sixty-sixth year, of Mr. Samuel S. D. Wells, R.N., Inspector-General of Hospitals and Fleets; in his seventy-eighth year, of the Rev. Edward Moore, Vicar of Spalding and Canon of Lincoln Cathedral, a prominent worker for the Conservative cause in the Spalding Division, and a well-known authority on church architecture; in his eighty-ninth year of Mr. John Cadbury, the founder of the well-known cocoa and chocolate firm, a member of the Society of Friends, and an active and munificent philanthropist; and, in his eighty-second year, of the Rev. Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborn, so well-known as the "S.G.O." of a number of striking and vigorous letters to the *Times* on social subjects. He was the third son of the fifth Lord Godolphin, and was a younger brother of the eighth Duke of Leeds. He was for some years rector of Stoke Pogis, the scene of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Fourteen years ago he gave up clerical duty, and, until his death, lived in retirement at Lewes. Among his published works are "Gleanings from the West of Ireland" (1850), "Scutari and its Hospitals," which embodied the result of a philanthropic journey to the East, undertaken during the Crimean War, and "Hints for the Amelioration of the Moral Condition of a Village" (1856). The latest of his celebrated letters to the *Times* was on the subject of the Whitechapel murders. He was raised to the rank of a Duke's son on the accession of his eldest brother to the Dukedom of Leeds.

BATH is looking forward to a Royal visit next month. The new baths are to be opened by the Princess Louise on June 13th.

MR. DUNTHORNE, of "Rembrandt's Head," Vigo Street, will shortly publish an etching, executed by the artist himself, of Mr. Alfred W. Strutt's picture (now in the Royal Academy Exhibition), entitled "A Return Visit," which he engraved last week in our first series of "Pictures of the Year."

LONDON MORTALITY again decreased last week, and 1,295 deaths were registered, against 1,386 the previous seven days, a decline of 91, being 312 below the average, and at the rate of 15.5 per 1,000, a lower rate than in any week this year. There were 60 deaths from measles (a fall of 8), 10 from scarlet fever (a decline of 5), 23 from diphtheria (a decrease of 2), 31 from whooping cough (a decline of 23), 5 from enteric fever, 4 from ill-defined forms of fever, 10 from typhus, or cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 213, a decline of 29, and were 124 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 66 deaths; 52 were the result of negligence or accident. Thirteen cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,565 births registered, against 2,712 during the previous week, being 249 below the average.

A COMPANY, under the title of the Ladies' Residential Chambers, Limited, was formed last year to meet the great demand which at present exists for better accommodation in the way of chambers or flats for the number of educated women of limited means now living in London and earning their own livelihood. It is found by experience that suitable unfurnished rooms are difficult to obtain, and that the choice practically lies between an expensive flat and the ordinary furnished lodging. The demand for this kind of accommodation has been tested by the experiment of the Oakley accommodation has been tested by the experiment of the Oakley Street Flats, Chelsea, which were built five years since and are chiefly occupied by women workers. Since these flats became known there has been a constant demand for any vacancies that occur, and applications have frequently to be refused. In the first instance, a building has been erected somewhat on the plan of the Industrial Dwellings established in various parts of London. A suitable site was obtained in Chertsey Street, Bloomsbury, on an 80 years' lease, at a rental of 125l. a year, on which a block was built containing sets of two-roomed, three-roomed, and four-roomed self-contained flats, the rents of which vary, according to size and position, from about 10s. to 17.5s. a week. The design includes a room in which the residents will be able to obtain meals at moderate prices. The building will be opened on Monday, May 20th, at 4.30 P.M. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, 78, Chelsea Gardens, S.W.



THE ROYAL DYNASTY OF SAXONY keeps its eight hundredth birthday on June 12th, and the Kingdom will celebrate the anniversary with great festivity.

THE COMING GROUSE SEASON is expected to prove the most productive ever known, and the prospects of the partridge supply are nearly as good.

A CHINAMAN clad in garments made from a British Union Jack has excited great wonder and admiration in Chinkiang. Evidently his toilette was part of the spoil during the recent riots, when the British Consulate was attacked.

VESUVIUS is very active just now. A new small cone had formed within the last few months, but this has suddenly given way through repeated small eruptions and earthquake-shocks, while a broad lava-stream is descending in the direction of Ottaviano and Pompeii. No danger is anticipated, however.

BELLINI'S PIANO, on which he composed his earliest operas, has just been found in the possession of a widow-lady of Catania, whose husband bought it for 17. 10s. The Catanians have petitioned the owner to present the piano to the town—Bellini's birthplace—that the relic of their townsman may be preserved as a souvenir, and not pass into careless hands.

THE LARGEST CAT'S-EYE ever found in Ceylon is on its way to England. The stone was picked up by a labourer, and sold for thirty rupees, but after passing through many hands it now belongs to a native merchant, who has insured it for 30,000 rupees. In its raw condition the cat's-eye weighed 475 carats, while, after being cut, it now weighs 170 carats.

A REVOLUTIONARY CENTENARY MEDAL has been struck in Paris to commemorate the recent *fêtes*. It will be bestowed on the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber, the Ministers, and other prominent officials. President Carnot's portrait occupies one side of the medal, the other being filled by the date of the ceremonies, and the names of the Presidents and Ministers.

THE AUTHOR OF "DON QUIXOTE" is still religiously commemorated by his countrymen. Every year on the anniversary of Cervantes' death, April 23rd, the Spanish Academy attends a mass to his memory in the Convent of the Sisters of the Trinity at Madrid, where the famous writer was interred. All the literary Spanish celebrities endeavour to be present.

CATS ARE SO SCARCE in Dakota, U.S.A., that whole car-loads are being shipped over the border from the next State, Iowa. An enterprising Yankee at Dubuque buys up all the pussies at from 25. to 45. a-piece, according to age and size, and disposes of them in Dakota for 16s. each. They are needed to catch the mice which swarm in thousands round the corn and wheat-bins, doing great damage.

ENGLAND'S LATEST COLONIAL ANNEXATION consists of Suwarow, or Suwaroff Islands, in the South Pacific, where H.M.S. *Rapid* has just hoisted the British flag. The islands are an uninhabited group of three, 450 miles north-north-west of the Cook or Hervey Islands—also recently annexed—and about the same distance east of Samoa, while they also lie in a line with Fiji to the south-west. Their chief use appears to be for cable-laying purposes, as they are only a small rocky group, producing no drinking-water, and surrounded by a reef twelve miles long and nine broad. They are thickly wooded, cocoa-nuts growing on the eastern islet. Ships can enter the lagoon, and some years since an Auckland firm built a wharf on the main islet.

OXFORD COMMEMORATION being near at hand, college officials who are distracted by the freaks of noisy undergraduates might take a hint from the Melbourne University. At the recent Colonial Commemoration the students were regularly set down to contribute musical selections in the intervals of the official programme. Having exhausted their energies in comic and topical songs, they were quite content to be moderately decorous during the ceremony of conferring degrees, and allowed the speeches to take their turn in peace with the songs.

A NOVEL WEDDING FANCY was recently inaugurated by a fashionable bride in New York. She carried an unusually large bouquet, and just before leaving for the honeymoon she untied her bouquet, which proved to be eight separate posies, fastened with different coloured ribbons. Each of these was presented to a bridesmaid, and one of the bouquets concealed a wedding-ring, which would indicate the next bride. This idea resembles the custom of putting a ring, thimble, and money in the Christmas pudding marking the funder's lot, respectively, as matrimony, spinsterhood, or wealth.

MONKS IN TIBET ARE AS ACCOMPLISHED DANCERS as the Turkish Dervishes. When the Maharajah of Cashmere recently entertained the British Commander-in-Chief at a banquet at Srinagar, the feature of the evening was the dancing of a monkish party from Ladak, including a specially holy man from Lhasa. Most of the monks were quaintly dressed in silk, some wearing Chinese robes of honour, and others huge bright yellow head-pieces, like Punch's cap. The demons worked on several of the dresses, eclipsed anything seen in a pantomime. The head Lama was dressed as a monk, but carried a sword in one hand and a burning stick in the other, while a monster yellow hat crowned his costume.

LOVERS OF ROQUEFORT CHEESE will not be pleased to hear that they often do not get the real article, thanks to the quantity of illegal imitations. Real Roquefort cheese has been made since the Middle Ages at Rodez in Southern France, where the natives of olden times paid a heavy tribute of cheese yearly to the Abbey of Conques. The industry occupies an immense number of persons in this district, and is worth some 400,000l. yearly, most of the cheese being exported to England and America. But so many rival manufacturers have sprung up in the neighbouring departments as seriously injure the original industry, so Rodez and its manufacturers are going to prosecute their imitators.

PARIS EXHIBITION ITEMS.—The number of visitors during the first week considerably exceeds that of the corresponding period during the last Exhibition in 1878. The first five days of this year 296,423 persons entered with 533,989 tickets, 112,294 visitors passing the wicket on the first day alone—77,031 visitors and 93,007 tickets more than on the previous occasion. On Sunday last there were 160,000 paying visitors. The Exhibition still continues very backward, and M. Berger, the general manager, has publicly stated that all space unoccupied by Wednesday ought to be given up to those exhibitors excluded for want of space, while he further hints that exhibitors who are not ready by Monday at latest may have to pay for the admission of their workmen. The lifts on the Eiffel Tower have been tried, and were to be ready for use by Wednesday. Every night at 10.30 a cannon announces the closing of the admission wickets. At 11.15 drums beat the retreat, and a detachment of police and the Republican Guard make the round of the building to usher out the lingering visitors. The various natives are beginning to people the national buildings in the section devoted to the History of Human Habitations. There are two Chinese, an Egyptian merchant selling antiquities from Boulg, two Persian runners, one Bulgarian, several Congolese, three Red Indians, and some Mexican soldiers.





ACROSS THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT BY THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY  
RACE BETWEEN INDIANS IN THE NORTH-WEST TERRITORY, CANADA  
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP





THE chief event in FRANCE this week has been the visit of the Lord Mayor to Paris and the Exhibition. Frenchmen have always had an exalted idea of the Chief Magistrate of the City, but now that, together with his attendant Sheriffs, he has virtually represented the English people in connection with the Exhibition festivities, they will have a yet greater notion of his important place in the British Constitution. At Saturday's banquet at the Hôtel de Ville, which was given to celebrate the opening of the Exhibition, the semi-State paraphernalia of the Civic dignitaries and their retinue excited much admiration, and poor M. Chaumet, the President of the Municipal Council, was so bewildered by all their splendour that he shook hands with the gorgeously-attired footmen in mistake for their masters. M. Carnot, after dinner, asked the Lord Mayor to sit beside him for a chat, and though, apparently through some misunderstanding, the Lord Mayor did not make any speech at the dinner, his presence there was regarded as a compliment paid to Paris, her Exhibition, and France in general. On Monday evening the Lord Mayor gave a grand banquet at the Grand Hôtel, which was attended by M. Tirard and other prominent personages—President Carnot being represented by General Bougere. In proposing the health of the Queen, the Lord Mayor alluded to the cordial greeting which was always accorded to Her Majesty whenever she visited France, and to this M. Tirard subsequently replied, when responding to the toast of the French Cabinet, by asking the Lord Mayor to convey to Her Majesty the assurance that whenever she should again visit France, she, together with members of the Royal Family, would always be received with the cordiality that was the offspring of affection and respect. There is little doubt that the Lord Mayor's visit, and the interchange of civilities and cordial speeches which have ensued, will go far to smooth over the annoyance caused by our Ambassador's non-participation in the opening of the Exhibition and its attendant festivities. The Lord Mayor did not mince matters, however, when talking about commercial matters to a deputation of the British Chamber of Commerce, and lamented the Protectionist tendencies of the French Government, whose object, he declared, seemed to be to exclude English manufactures altogether.

The centenary of the Revolution has been commemorated both by the Jews and the Protestants of Paris. On Saturday there was a solemn celebration of the event in the Synagogue of the Rue des Victoires, attended by the Rothschilds and the chief members of the Israelite community, when the Chief Rabbi preached a sermon on the "National Passover of France," an era of dawning freedom, in which the names of Mirabeau and Desaix were to be remembered with gratitude, for they were instrumental in achieving the triumph of the Rights of Judaism. On Sunday at a meeting of the Protestant Provident Association M. Léon Say spoke as warmly of the freedom bestowed by the Revolution upon Protestants, alluded to years spent by French Protestants in exile in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and referred to the speech of Rabaut St. Etienne in the Assembly in 1789, in which he said, "We are free, thanks only to toleration. That is not enough; we demand to be free to enjoy all the rights and all the duties of citizens, to be admitted to all posts and offices. We in a word are determined to have all the guarantees to which our quality of Frenchmen gives us a right." "And now, after a century," exclaimed M. Léon Say, "what a difference! I see Protestants in every rank of society. I myself have been President of the Senate, and my successor also belongs to our religion. Protestants are everywhere. I see them occupying the highest posts in Arts and in Industry." To turn to political circles, the Chamber and Senate met on Tuesday for the first time after the Easter holidays, but little of importance occurred, save that the Senate decided to discuss the Army Bill on Saturday. The Senatorial Election on Sunday in Paris resulted in the return of an Opportunist, M. Poirier, who is President of the Chamber of Commerce, who only beat his Radical opponent by six votes. The new Calais Harbour is to be opened amid great festivities next month.

In GERMANY, the coal-miners' strike in Westphalia for more money and fewer hours of labour, has been arousing much apprehension. The Government have striven to act with studied neutrality towards both parties, and, while showing due determination to put down all riot and violence with a firm hand, are understood to have been recommending the mine-owners to act in a spirit of moderation and compromise. The strikes, however, continue, and on Monday the hands of forty-two mines struck, making the total of men on strike 100,000. These districts supply half the coal supplied in Germany, and the dearth of fuel has already compelled many ironmasters to blow out their furnaces. The Emperor is taking an intense interest in the whole question, and, on Tuesday, received three delegates from the men, who begged him to inquire into the merits of their case, and declared that all they desired was to get protection for their life and health, and to earn enough to support their families. The Emperor replied that he had already caused inquiry to be made into all the circumstances, and assured the colliers that, if they remained quiet, they might be sure of his protection. He warned them, however, against taking part in political intrigues, and especially those connected with social democracy. He would exercise all his power to quiet any disturbances should any occur, and if the slightest resistance were offered to the authorities he would have all of them who did so shot down. The men are embittered because their wages have not been raised, while the price of coal and the dividends earned by the companies have increased, and they are stated to be exceedingly determined in their demands. There is little other home news save that the King of Italy is expected to arrive at Berlin on the 21st inst. During his visit, which will terminate on the 25th inst., there will be a succession of festivities and entertainments, and a grand sham fight will take place on the 24th inst. A special Turkish Mission is now at Berlin to present the Orders recently conferred on the Emperor and Empress by the Sultan. The Samoan Conference has been busily discussing the various vexed points of the question, and it is stated that a basis has been found on which a settlement with regard to the internal government of the island can be effected which will be satisfactory to all three Powers.

There has been much rejoicing over Captain Wissmann's defeat of Bushiri last week. The German leader, with a force of 200 sailors and about 700 Soudanese and other blacks, attacked Bushiri's camp at Bagamoyo, and, after a severe engagement, destroyed the camp. The Germans lost one naval officer, a sailor, a sergeant-major, and forty blacks, the loss of the enemy being eighty killed and twenty made prisoners. Bushiri himself escaped. The Emperor at once telegraphed his congratulations to Captain Wissmann, and bestowed on him the Red Eagle of the Third Class.

HOLLAND has been celebrating the fortieth anniversary of King William's accession to the Throne with all the more enthusiasm on account of the King's almost miraculous restoration to health—banquets, banners, reviews, and illuminations having replaced medical bulletins and preparations for the King's demise. The

Duke of Nassau has retired from Luxemburg, and the King has issued an address to the inhabitants of the Duchy, declaring that "the strength which Providence may yet vouchsafe to me will be employed in maintaining the security and progress which have characterised the forty years just expired." On Sunday Thanksgiving Services were held throughout the county, and the King, who is at Het Loo, was overwhelmed with congratulations from all parts of Holland and, indeed, of Europe.

In EASTERN EUROPE Prince Ferdinand of BULGARIA has turned the sod of a new railway-line which will run from Jamboli to Bourgas, and which will be of considerable commercial importance to the little State. The district traversed is exceedingly fertile, and may well be called the granary of Bulgaria, and the inhabitants will be able to ship off their produce with ease from Bourgas, which possesses a good harbour, when the line is completed. At present Bulgarian cereals have to be transported by the Oriental Railway to Dedegatch—a much longer and far more expensive route. The line is 108 kilometres in length, and is to be finished in a year, at a cost of 280,000*l.* The ceremony took place on Monday with much pomp, and in the evening there was a grand banquet, at which the healths of Queen Victoria and the Sultan were drank, but apparently no mention made of the Czar.—Prince Nicholas of MONTENEGRO has gone on a visit to St. Petersburg.—RUSSIA is preparing to entertain the Shah of Persia, who crossed the frontier on Saturday at Djulfa, on his way to St. Petersburg, being received by a number of Russian dignitaries and a guard of honour. Senator Durnovo is the new Russian Minister of the Interior, in succession to the late Count Tolstoi, whose funeral last week was attended by the Czar and Czarina.

In TURKEY, the Armenian question has again come to the fore. The Armenian Patriarch had requested the Porte to appoint a Commission, to inquire into certain alleged cruelties of which his co-religionists complain. The Grand Vizier replied that he considered the reports exaggerated, and that he proposed to ask for further information from the Patriarch of the Armenian Catholics, a proposition which has naturally given offence to the Orthodox party.

In AUSTRIA much sensation has been caused by the escape from a private asylum of Prince Joseph Sulkowski—a large landowner in Austria, Hungary, and Prussia, and a member of the Upper House of Prussia. Before he was incarcerated his eccentricities were of European notoriety, and were made the subject of a German novel by Herr Max Ring.—In EGYPT the Khalifa has written letters to the Queen, the Khedive, and Sir Evelyn Baring, couched in the usual threatening language. There has been a renewed raid of the Dervishes on the Wady Halfa frontier, but after a sharp encounter—in which Colonel Wodehouse's troops behaved well—they retired; not before committing some terrible atrocities on women and children. On the East Coast Halaib and Rowayah have both been put in a thorough state of defence, and made practically impregnable. At Halaib Lieut. Jackson and 100 Soudanese have been left behind to strengthen the garrison.

In INDIA, the weather in Bengal is abnormally hot, and rain is greatly needed. It is feared that in many districts the crops will suffer, as there has been an almost complete dearth of rain throughout the hot-weather months. There is nothing new from Sikkim, where the Lamas remain obdurate, and show no sign of coming to terms, and there is very little doubt that they are supported by the Chinese Ampa in their dogged adherence to the claim of sovereign rights over Sikkim. Meanwhile, our soldiers suffer in health, and there is a heavy expenditure of money. The artillery force is suffering severely from fever, several deaths having occurred among the men, while three officers are reported to be seriously ill. There are threatened troubles again in the Looshai district, where the Shendus are stated to have collected, with the intention of attacking Fort Langhale and the line of communication. A bugler from the garrison was found beheaded in the jungle. Letters of courtesy have passed between the Viceroy and the Ameer of Afghanistan, who is said to be especially gratified at the message of congratulation which the Queen telegraphed to him on his escape from assassination.

In the UNITED STATES, the search for Dr. Cronin has excited the greatest possible interest. He is said to have appeared in Toronto, and to have stated there he had left Chicago because he heard that the Clan-na-Gael Society had decided to kill him, and had appointed his "executioner," owing to his having discovered various defalcations in the funds contributed to the Irish cause. He apparently again disappeared, however, and the police expressed their doubts as to the truth of his having been seen at all. Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, the new United States Minister to Great Britain, left for England on Wednesday.

Father Damien, the well-known Belgian priest, who laboured so patiently for sixteen years in the leper colony of Molokai, in the SANDWICH ISLANDS, succumbed to the disease on April 10th.



THE QUEEN has again visited town this week. Before leaving Windsor, Her Majesty entertained at the Castle numerous members of the Diplomatic Body, including the Russian and Spanish Ambassadors, with Lord and Lady Salisbury, Lord and Lady Lytton, and Sir Henry and Lady Loch, whilst the new Ministers to Santiago and Bangkok kissed hands on their appointment. The Prince of Wales also lunched with the Queen, and the Duchess of Edinburgh with her youngest daughter spent a night at the Castle. A small concert took place before the Royal party, when Chevalier Oberthur played the harp, and Madame San Martino sang. On Saturday the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg arrived on a visit, escorted by Prince Henry of Battenberg, who had been to Ostend to fetch his sister. The Bishop of Manchester and Sir W. Jenner also arrived, and the Bishop preached next morning, when Her Majesty and the Royal party attended Divine Service in the private chapel. Sir W. Jenner left in the afternoon, the Bishop remaining to dine with the Royal party. On Monday Princess Christian, with her daughter, lunched with Her Majesty, and Lieutenant the Hon. C. S. Douglas-Pennant and the Hon. Mrs. Douglas-Pennant dined with the Queen. The Queen came up to town on Tuesday to hold a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace, which was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales and daughters, and other members of the Royal Family. After the Drawing Room the Queen drove down the Thames Embankment and Northumberland Avenue, and thence to Hyde Park. Her Majesty spent the night at Buckingham Palace, returning to Windsor on Wednesday morning. To-day (Saturday) the Queen was to lay the Memorial-stone of the new school buildings at Eton.—During her visit to North Wales in August, the Queen will open the new swinging bridge over the Dee.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday went to Kempton Park Races, where he met and conversed with General Boulanger. He also presided at the annual meeting of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron,

and agreed to act on the committee formed to advise the arrangements made for Lord Dunraven to contest the America cup. During the day the Prince, with Prince George, exchanged visits with the Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, and in the evening the Prince of Wales went to the smoking concert of the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society; whilst the Princess, with her daughters and Prince George, were present at Terry's Theatre. On Sunday the Royal party went to church as usual. On Monday the Prince visited Kingsclere, and, in the evening, with the Princess went to the Princess's Theatre. On Tuesday the Prince and Princess attended the Queen's Drawing Room, subsequently driving in Hyde Park. To-day (Saturday), the Prince will be present at the formal opening of the new Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, and in the evening attend the smoking concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society. The first State Ball of the season takes place next Thursday, while, on the following day, the Prince will unveil the statue of the Queen in the Examination Hall of the Royal College of Physicians. He will open the Royal Agricultural Show at Windsor on June 24th.—Prince George of Wales will receive the freedom of the City on June 1st, in the Guildhall, and will subsequently lunch with the Lord Mayor. The Prince of Wales will accompany his son.—The Princess will shortly present medals to firemen who have lately distinguished themselves in their duties.

The Duke of Edinburgh is nearly convalescent, and has been able to walk and drive in the gardens of Clarence House. The Duke called on the Queen on Tuesday at Buckingham Palace, and will go to Windsor shortly for change of air. It is hoped that he will be well enough to attend the Smoking Concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society to-night (Saturday). Prince Alfred and the three eldest Princesses of Edinburgh have gone back to Coburg. The Duchess on Wednesday opened a bazaar at the Riding School, Knightsbridge, in aid of the Postmen's Homes of Rest and celebrating the Jubilee of the Penny Post.—Princess Christian visited Blackheath, on Saturday, to open the new buildings of the Blackheath and Charlton Cottage Hospital.—The Duchess of Albany, on Wednesday, opened a Sale of Work, at the Kensington Town Hall, in aid of the French Protestant Institutions in London. On the 10th prox. she will inaugurate a Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition at Surbiton. The Crown Prince of Greece is expected to visit London during the season as the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Shah is expected in England in July, and will be present at the Naval Review at Portsmouth.



THE OPERA.—The Carl Rosa Directors have made their arrangements for the new management of the various enterprises in which the company is engaged. The late Mr. Carl Rosa himself had taken so active a part in every branch of the direction that the changes have had to be numerous. Mr. Augustus Harris and Mr. Bruce are now appointed joint managing-directors, it being understood that the former will busy himself more particularly with Italian opera, and Mr. Bruce with the English and light opera companies. The immediate management of the regular Carl Rosa English Company will, however, be in the hands of Mr. T. H. Friend as to business, and Mr. Goossens as to musical matters. Mr. Hill will manage the Court Theatre, Liverpool, and the new Board of Directors comprises Lord Radnor, as chairman, Earl de Grey, Lord Arthur Hill, Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Freemantle, of Manchester, and Mr. Nicholson, of Liverpool, Messrs. Harris and Bruce being *ex-officio* directors, and also members of the Finance Committee. It is understood that the new Carl Rosa tour will begin early in the autumn, but it is not yet decided whether the Company will visit London this year or not.

The arrangements for the opening of the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday are now complete. Bizet's *Pearl Fishers*, with a new *finale* by Signor Mancinelli, instead of the feeble ending written by M. Godard, will start the season, when M. Talazac of the Paris Opéra Comique will make his *début*. Madame Marie Rôze will make her *rentrée* on Tuesday in *Carmen*.

Her Majesty's will open on the 25th. It is understood that the Baron Franchetti's opera *Azrael* will be one of the chief novelties.

Mr. R. H. Percy Hutchinson is organising an important English Opera company for London and the provinces, but probably not before next year. The troupe will be headed by his wife, the distinguished *prima donna*, Madame Alwina Valleria.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—M. Ysaye, the young Belgian violinist who has recently achieved such great success in Germany and Italy, appeared for the first time in England at the fourth Philharmonic Concert last week. He was more or less ill-advised to select for his *début* Beethoven's violin concerto, where the various embellishments with which modern virtuosi are fond of improving classical works are quite out of place. M. Ysaye succeeded better in Saint Saëns' *Rondo Capriccio*, and, indeed, of his enormous talents as an executant there cannot be the slightest doubt. His powers of execution must, in fact, even in these days, be considered phenomenal, and in works of the romantic repertory he may possibly rival in popularity even so distinguished a favourite as Señor Sarasate himself. He was at once re-engaged for the next Philharmonic Concert, when he will play Mendelssohn's violin concerto. Mr. Cowen's symphony in F was given for the first time at the Philharmonic, and so also was a very early but charmingly melodious symphony in B flat by Haydn. Madame Tremelli, the vocalist, succeeded better in a song by Ponchielli than in the florid air from Rossini's *Semiramide*.

STOCK EXCHANGE ORCHESTRA.—The Prince of Wales, together with the Prince of Leiningen, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and other notabilities, attended a Smoking Concert given by the Stock Exchange Orchestra on Saturday. This band which was founded only six years ago, and is still hardly independent of the professional element, has so greatly improved of late that it is fast taking a high position among amateur orchestras. Its performance on Saturday of Massenet's *Scènes Pittoresques*, and the slow movement from the *Evangeline* symphony, by its President, Mr. J. F. H. Read, was excellent. Mr. Read, at the invitation of the Prince of Wales, came to the front to bow his acknowledgments, and so did Sir Arthur Sullivan after the performance of the incidental music to *The Merchant of Venice*. Mr. H. Sternberg, a member of the Stock Exchange, played Vieuxtemps' *Fantaisie Caprice* very cleverly, and the male voice choir of the Society sang some part-songs.

OPÉRETTE.—A concert performance of Mr. Robert Goldbeck's *Newport* was given at Devonshire House on Thursday last week. The work evidently deals with the life of a school girl, first at a young ladies' seminary, where some calisthenic exercises are gone through, and afterwards at the fashionable American seaside resort of Newport. The libretto was, however, not forthcoming, and the music, which was accompanied partly by a small orchestra, partly on the pianoforte, was not given in its entirety. A dancing lesson quartet and a laughing song from Miss Brandram were encored.—On the same day, under the title of *Penelope*, a musical version of the famous old farce, *The Area Belle*, was given. The audience once



more laughed at the encounter between the soldier and the policeman, who compete for the affections of the maid of all work, at their disturbance by the missus, and the subsequent triumph of the milkman. Mr. E. Solomon has provided all these characters with songs of their own, and for the supper and mock ghost scenes he has contributed even more important music, to which a party of artists, better trained as actors than vocalists, hardly did justice. Another special point in the music is a species of musical "punning," many of the characters and situations being provided with *à propos* scraps from old English songs.

**ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.**—At the Richter Concert on Monday, the programme included Schumann's B flat symphony and Mozart's *Prague*, besides the "Good Friday" music from Wagner's *Parsifal* and Beethoven's *Leonora*, No. 3 overture. The Beethoven and Schumann music pleased by t.—On Saturday Señor Sarasate gave his first concert. The Spanish violinist is still the favourite of the ladies, who thronged St. James's Hall, despite the uninteresting character of the programme, which included Max Bruch's second concerto, Sarasate's own fantasia on melodies from *Carmen*, and a little *ad captandem* piece, *La Fie d'Amour*, by Raff, for which, being encored, Sarasate's own *Bolero* was substituted.—The Royal Amateur Orchestra gave a concert on Saturday night, their programme including a movement from Schumann's B flat symphony, and some smaller works.

**CONCERTS (VARIOUS).**—Out of upwards of forty concerts this week some must pass unnoticed. Among the more interesting was Sir Charles Hallé's first recital, when Lady Hallé "led" one of Cherubini's posthumously-published quartets—that in E, No. 4, now given for the first time in England. Cherubini was not a great quartet writer, and while the slow movement and scherzo of the quartet in E are more or less eccentric, the *finale* is the best section of the work.—The Misses Eissler have likewise introduced a new sonata for violin and harp by Spohr, still in MS.; and concerts have been given by Miss Fairman, Madame Puzzi, Miss Clara Myers, Miss Esperanza Kisch, Mr. E. Bird, Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse, Miss Dora Schirmacher, the Shinner quartet, Mr. Carl Schulz, and others.

**NOTES AND NEWS.**—Sir Charles Hallé has decided to bring his famous Manchester orchestra to London to give a series of symphony concerts monthly during the winter.—The Gloucester Festival prospectus issued this week promises a new cantata, *The Last Night at Bethany*, by Mr. Lee Williams, a song and chorus by Miss Ellicott, daughter of the Bishop, and a suite by Mr. Cowen. Madame Albani, (who is expected in London on Sunday next) will be the chief vocalist.—The famous Russian baritone-bass Opotchinine died last week in St. Petersburg, after a stage career of fifty years.—Sir Arthur Sullivan is about to at once commence a new comic opera for one of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's theatres, and he hopes to get it finished before the Leeds Festival, although it will probably not be wanted till after the New Year.



MONDAY was, in son e respects, a red letter day for the Government. They accomplished two important strokes of work, reading a second time the Budget Bill, and passing through Committee the Naval Defence Bill. Thus, at a comparatively early period of the Session, two of their most important measures are practically assured. It is true that in Committee on the Budget Bill Sir Horace Davey will move an amendment, raising again the question of the Death Duties, and Mr. Gladstone will contribute a speech. But the whole matter was threshed out in discussion on the Resolutions on which the Bill is founded, and, though there may be a dress parade, there will be no more serious fighting. Mr. Goschen has presented a firm attitude towards the two sections of critics who have opposed his measure. He has yielded neither to the brewers who protested against the increased duty on beer, nor to the class who declare that the additional impost on realty exceeding 10,000, in value is more than land can bear.

On Monday night Mr. Pictou delivered one of those laboured orations which grievously bore the House. The member for Leicester's oratorical style is apparently founded on a study of Mr. Barry Sullivan's more tragic moments and upon the pulpit manner of some Boanerges of Nonconformity. Members feebly smile when Mr. Pictou begins to declaim his lengthy orations, but presently leave the House to solitude and him. On Monday Mr. Pictou declared himself against the duty on tea, and Sir William Harcourt was able to extract from the position a renewed reproach of the Government. If, he said, the tea duty could not be reduced, it was only owing to the preposterous expenditure involved in their new Naval Defence Scheme. In spite of this combination of eloquence, the Budget Bill was read a second time, and the House, having passed the Naval Defence Bill through Committee, was so encouraged by its success as to grapple with a huge block of Report of Supply.

This work was none the less refreshing to the Government, since it followed close upon a somewhat disastrous check. The Sugar Convention Bill had been put down for second reading on Thursday, three days in advance. Sir Lyon Playfair claimed the fulfilment of a promise by Mr. Smith that before the 16th was reached he would definitely say when the Bill would be taken. The question was put on Monday in a crowded House. It was known beforehand that the Sugar Bill, whose enemies threatened it from every quarter of the House, was doomed. How Mr. Smith would comport himself in abandoning so important a section of the Ministerial scheme was a matter of keen curiosity.

Mr. Smith comported himself with almost reckless courage. He began by roundly declaring that the question is not one of immediate and pressing importance. As soon as the Opposition discovered the line the First Lord was bent on taking, they burst into a roar of laughter and derisive cheering, amid which Mr. Smith patiently stood awaiting opportunity to finish his sentence. Undeterred by contumely, and speaking in his matter-of-fact way, as if the whole business were of no consequence, he went on to extol the importance of other measures, particularly the Scotch Local Government Bills, and finished by declaring that the Sugar Bounty Bill would not be taken this side of Whitsuntide.

It is a long time since such a hilarious scene was witnessed in the House of Commons. Only Baron de Worms sat gloomy on the Treasury Bench. It is probably true that, apart from the momentary disadvantage of connection with a failure, Mr. Smith was as pleased as any member of the Opposition to drop a Bill that has brought to its progenitors nothing but discomfort. Again and again members rose from the benches opposite intent on disclosing by cunningly conceived interrogations the depths of the hole in which the First Lord of the Treasury was struggling. But the First Lord successfully concealed his possible perturbation. He always came up smiling, answering questions in that formal mildly impressive manner which delights the House, and has earned for him the affectionate sobriquet of "Old Morality." Mr. Gladstone was smitten with laughter in quite unusual manner, and beamed with smiles as he remarked on the extremely genial state of mind in which circumstances had found Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, beaming

back again across the table, laughingly replied, and so the incident closed amid hearty laughter and hilarious cheers.

There was a morning sitting on Tuesday devoted to Committee of Supply; but the abnormal progress that had marked the course of events on Monday was not sustained. Only one vote was taken, that for the cost of stationery and printing for the Houses of Parliament. This furnished a convenient opportunity for complaining of the manner in which debates are reported for what is still called "Hansard," though the business of that historic firm last year passed into other hands. The Scotch members interposed on the next Vote for the Salaries and Expenses of the Office of Woods and Forests, and brought up an old grievance about the transference of Crown fishing rights to private individuals on one of the northern lochs. After Scotland "gallant little Wales" had its turn, Mr. Morgan, member for Merthyr, whose recent discovery of gold in Wales thrilled the Principality, making his complaint about difficulties in respect of royalties.

Wales appropriated the whole of the evening sitting, Mr. Dillwyn bringing forward his familiar motion for the Disestablishment of the Church in that part of the Kingdom. There was a full House, which made the more remarkable two abstentions. Mr. Gladstone was not present, nor was Mr. Chamberlain through the greater portion of the debate, though he came in time to declare by his vote that he has not altered the views so uncompromisingly expressed in favour of the motion when, two or three years ago, he spoke at Denbigh. The negative to the motion was moved by Mr. Byron Reed, a member for a Yorkshire constituency, who appropriated as his own share a little more than one quarter of the whole time allotted to the debate. Thus it was nearly midnight, with only an hour remaining, when something like a dozen Welsh members sprang up eagerly competing for precedence.

Sir Hussey Vivian had the first turn, and Mr. Abraham came next, completing the tale of Welsh members who found opportunity for speaking. Mr. Abraham is chiefly known in public life as a songster. At public meetings, in his native Principality, he rarely concludes a speech without throwing in a stave of some popular song, delivered in melodious baritone. The Rules of the House strictly preclude this diversion, and the Member for Rhondda Valley, hampered in his choice, and feeling the necessity of winding up in other than ordinary habit, suddenly lapsed into Welsh. For some moments he, with eloquent gestures and remarkable fluency, addressed the Speaker in his native tongue, amid roars of laughter. After this, Mr. Raikes who followed, fell a little flat, and the condition of affairs was not improved by the appearance of Mr. Stansfeld. On a division, Mr. Dillwyn's resolution was negatived by 284 votes against 231.

On Wednesday Wales was again to the fore, Mr. Stuart Rendel moving the second reading of the Welsh Intermediate Education Bill. Mr. Gladstone came down and delivered an earnest appeal on behalf of the measure, and what is more to the point, Sir Wm. Hart-Dyke, speaking for the Government, agreed to the second reading, whilst hinting at some alterations in the details of the Bill at a subsequent stage. The second reading was agreed to without a division.



MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S new play *The White Lie* will very shortly take the place of *The Weaker Sex*, in which even the powerful acting of Mrs. Kendal and the more than respectable performance of her husband have failed to excite any great interest. *Impulse* is also, it is announced, to be revived at a *matinée* at the COURT, where this week a *matinée* performance has been given of *The Queen's Shilling*. The latter will be repeated to-day, as well as on Wednesday and Wednesday week next.

The series of French performances at the Gaiety, under the direction of Messrs. Abbey and Grau, commence on Monday, the 27th inst., when M. Coquelin and Madame Jane Hading will appear in *L'Aventurière*. A rapid succession of comedy, consisting in great part of pieces in which M. Coquelin has recently appeared in London, will be given until Madame Sarah Bernhardt's engagement commences.

Mr. W. G. Wills's new play, entitled *Josephine, or the Royal [why not Imperial?] Divorce*, which is understood to have been written expressly for Miss Grace Hawthorne, will be produced by that lady at a *matinée* in London, in July next, preparatory to her departure for the United States. This ubiquitous actress, it is announced, is also to appear shortly at the VAUDEVILLE, in Paris, in *Camille* (a version of *La Dame aux Camélias*). Meanwhile she is preparing to appear at the PRINCESS's, after the close of the engagement of Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake, in *True Heart*. The date of the latter event is the 3rd of June.

*True Heart* will be an attempt to revive the taste for nautical melodramas, once so enormously popular on our stage. The T. P. Cooke bequest, which was designed with this object, failed, partly because the prize (300l.) offered as a stimulus to the playwrights' invention, proved inadequate; but, in handing over the investment so soon to charitable objects connected with the stage, our courts hardly allowed the scheme a fair trial. *Harbour Lights* at the ADELPHI is a mere compromise; the story creeps along the Devonshire coasts, and alights for a moment on the deck of H.M.S. *Britannia*, but never fairly gets to sea. Steam and the ugliness of modern naval instruments of destruction have knocked much of the poetry and picturesqueness out of the sailor's life. But why should not the dramatist pitch his story in the days of pigtails and muzzle-loaders?

*Dorothy at Sea*, the first performance, perhaps, of an entire comic opera aboard ship in the Indian Ocean, has furnished Mrs. St. George Queely, a passenger by the *Fumna*, outward bound from London to Queensland, with matter for a lively descriptive note. It appears that in these monsters of the deep it is possible to fit up a capital theatre, capable of seating six hundred spectators, and provided with scenery, a curtain, and even electric footlights. The troupe who had volunteered to give this representation of Mr. Cellier's immensely popular work for a benevolent object were the well-known Willard and Sheridan Opera Company, who had joined the vessel at Batavia on their way to entertain our Australian Colonists.

*The Don* has at last disappeared—for the present at least—from the bill of TOOLE'S Theatre. In its place the popular comedian has revived *Arnold Cards*, wherein he once more revels in the fun of Mr. Spicer Romford's little embarrassments at home and abroad. As to *ici on Parle Français*, which is now the after-piece, Mr. Toole has left off counting the representations, and contents himself with the simple announcement, "Thirtieth year." Even so long on and off has the immortal Spriggins flourished the feather-duster and the blacking-brush, and enjoyed the proud distinction of being "de fader of She."

Chicot, the nobleman jester, who is the hero of one of the elder Dumas' popular historical novels, is to be the leading character in the new play written by Mr. Walter Pollock, editor of the *Saturday Review*, in collaboration with Mr. Joseph Hutton, expressly for Mr. Mansfield. The character is one of strong dramatic contrasts.

Under pretence of helping "the starving poor of London," a swindler has contrived, by the help of a forged letter, to extract a couple of guineas out of Mr. Pinero. As this gentleman, like the late Mr. Fitzball, makes a point of "taking nothing from the French," the deceiver cannot possibly have been a foreign dramatist bent upon reprisal.

The new and handsome theatre building at Brighton is to be called the "REGENCY."

Some friends and admirers of Mr. Rutland Barrington have determined to organise a benefit *matinée* in the hope of being thereby enabled to console that popular performer in some degree for his recent pecuniary losses. It will take place at the SAVOY. Sir Arthur Sullivan has undertaken to preside in the orchestra during the performance of *Trial by Jury*, which will form part of the entertainments.

Somebody having said that the seating capacity of the PRINCESS'S Theatre represents "a sum of 240l.," the management have officially stated that it is nearer 340l. The pit holds one thousand persons.

*King Lear* will be the first of the forthcoming series of Shakesperian performances at the Munich Court Theatre. An unmutated text and a scheme of scenic illustration in accordance with the custom of the poet's time are to be the leading characteristics. The wisdom of returning to the rude mechanical contrivances and scenic *naïveté* of the Elizabethan stage is not very obvious. If the words of the chorus to *King Henry V.* have any meaning, they show that the poet longed for the services of a Beverly or a Hawes Craven, and would have accorded to the theatre builders of Shaftesbury Avenue a cordial welcome.

The non-appearance of General Boulenger at Mr. Gallico's benefit at the AVENUE Theatre last week has resulted in fully qualifying our distinguished visitor to appear in Ko-Ko's famous list of celebrities who will "none of them be duped." An angry controversy has arisen over the causes of the General's absence; but the fact remains that, though his name had been widely announced among the attractions, his absence appeared to pass absolutely unobserved.

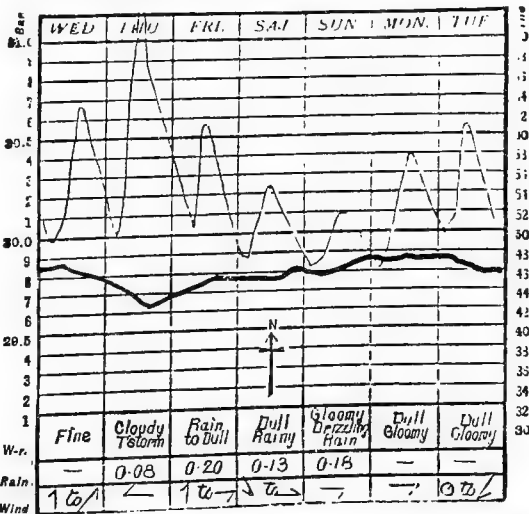
At Mr. Wilson Barrett's farewell at the Princess's to-night the price of seats in certain parts of the house have been doubled. Mr. Barrett chooses to take leave of us as the *Ben-my-Chree* hero.

An amateur performance of Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Sorcerer*, by permission of Mr. D'Oyly Carte, will be given at the VAUDEVILLE Theatre on Friday, May 31st, at 3 P.M., and again at the ADELPHI Theatre on Saturday, June 1st, also at 3 P.M. The performance is under the immediate patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, President of Charing Cross Hospital, and the proceeds will be devoted to the Charing Cross Hospital Convalescent Home. Tickets may be obtained of Miss Alice Menzies, 1, Gwendwr Road, West Kensington, W.; at Mitchell's Royal Library, Old Bond Street, W.; and 51, Threadneedle Street, E.C.; at the box-offices of the Vaudeville and Adelphi Theatres; and of Mr. Arthur E. Reade, Secretary of the Charing Cross Hospital.

Lovers of Dickens could hardly wish for a more sympathetic interpretation of their favourite author than the reading given by his son Mr. Charles Dickens at PRINCE'S Hall on Monday. Except for a semi-private experiment three years since, this was the first time Mr. Dickens had appeared publicly in London as a reader of his father's works, having gradually developed his powers during provincial and American tours. Mr. Dickens recites rather than reads, for he rarely looks at his book, but completely identifies himself with the characters he depicts. Thus, a selection from "David Copperfield," with the account of Bob Sawyer's evening party from "Pickwick," afforded a wide range for Mr. Dickens' powers of expression, and his pathetic rendering of the sad story of little Em'ly and her devoted uncle Peggotty was as excellent as the quiet humour shown in narrating the impecunious Bob's difficulties with his landlady. The great storm at Yarmouth, however, was the most dramatically-given description. Easy, yet powerful in style, Mr. Dickens promises to take a high place in the ranks of public readers. Next Monday his programme includes "Dr. Marigold" and the evergreen Trial Scene from "Pickwick."

### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1889.



**EXPLANATION.**—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (14th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

**REMARKS.**—The weather of the past week has been very dull and unsettled in most parts of the United Kingdom, with heavy falls of rain and severe thunderstorms at some of the English Stations. Over the Metropolitan area very heavy gloom was experienced on one or two occasions. During the first part of the week pressure was lowest over the Western or South-Western part of our Islands, and highest over the North of Scandinavia, so that portions of our Islands, and especially the Western and South-Western coasts, were subjected to southerly breezes experienced very generally, and blew with some strength at times in the South-West. Fine warm weather prevailed for a time over the greater part of England, but showers or steady rain fell in the West and South-West, and eventually spread Eastwards. The falls were decidedly heavy over the Eastern portion of England, nearly an inch being measured on the morning of Saturday (11th inst.) at Yarmouth, and an inch and a half at York. By Sunday (12th inst.) the lowest pressures were found off our East Coasts, and for North-Westerly breezes elsewhere, held for a long time, the readings of the barometer had become remarkably uniform at the time, the readings of all over the United Kingdom, and variable airs were close of the period all over the United Kingdom, and variable airs were experienced generally. The weather during this time kept in a rainy condition at first, but subsequently the showers ceased in most places, although the sky still remained very cloudy, and temperature had fallen materially lower by day. Temperature was highest on Thursday (9th inst.), when values ranging from 70 to 74° were recorded over the Inland parts of England; on one or two days, however, maxima fell to 55° or less over the same parts of the country. The night readings of the thermometer averaged above the normal.

In London the barometer was highest (29.87 inches) on Wednesday (8th inst.); lowest (29.64 inches) on Thursday (9th inst.); range 0.23 inch. The temperature was highest (74°) on Thursday (9th inst.); lowest (47°) on Sunday and Monday (12th and 13th inst.); range 27°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount 0.59 inch. Great fall on any one day 0.20 inch on Friday (10th inst.).

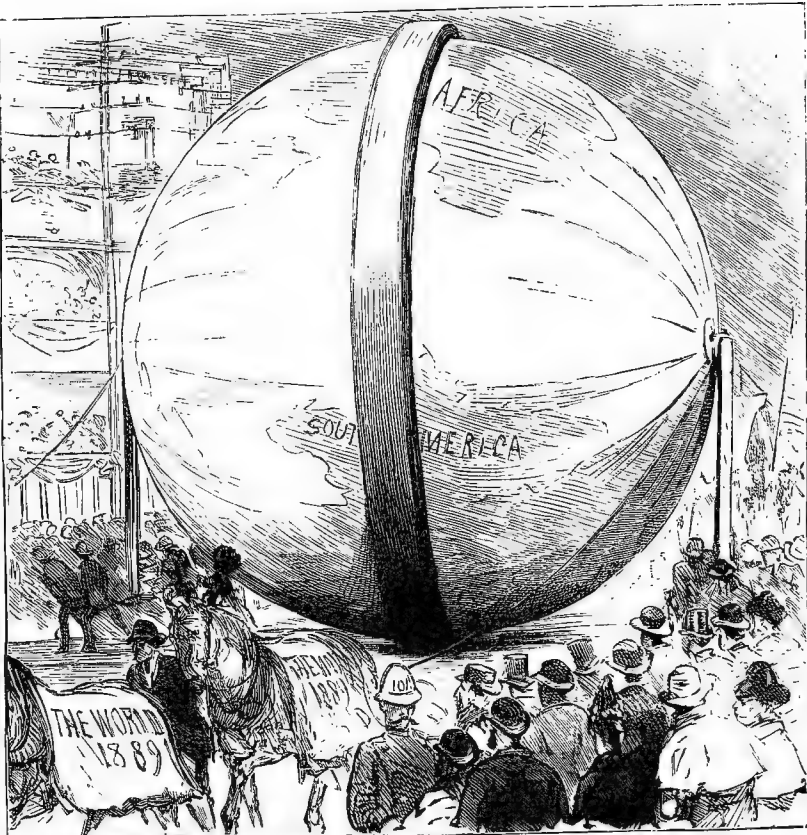




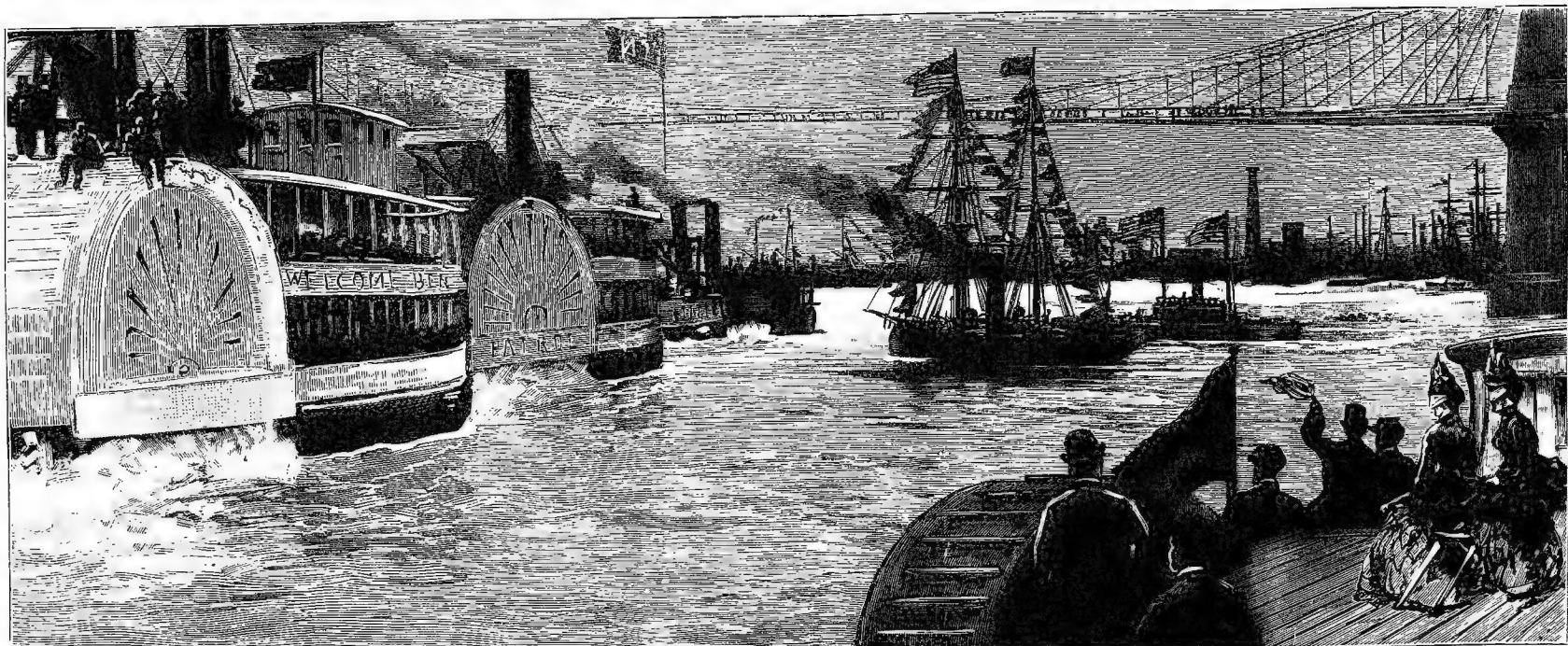
THE PACIFICATION OF BURMA  
SIR CHARLES CROSTHWAITE, CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF BURMA, HOLDING A DURBAR IN RIPON'S HALL, RANGOON



PARADE OF "THE VETERAN FIREMEN'S ASSOCIATION"



THE INDUSTRIAL AND CIVIC PARADE—THE "NEW YORK WORLD"



THE NAVAL PARADE

THE CELEBRATION AT NEW YORK OF THE CENTENARY OF GENERAL WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION AS FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES



# A JUBILEE STATUE OF THE QUEEN

ON the afternoon of May 8th, the Prince of Wales unveiled a statue of Her Majesty the Queen in the buildings of the University of London, Burlington Gardens, W. Among those present at the ceremony were Lord Granville, the Chancellor, and Sir J. Paget, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, Lord Sherbrooke, the Earl of Kimberley, and the Dean of Westminster. The statue, which is the work of Mr. J. E. Boehm, represents Her Majesty in her robes of State, holding the Charter of the University (granted by her in the first year of her reign) in her right hand. It is placed in a niche at the head of the grand staircase leading from the hall of the building. In the course of his speech, Lord Granville said that when Her Majesty acceded to the throne, there was scarcely any national provision for the educational wants of the poor, and that the religious and other restrictions were a great hindrance to the wealthier classes. At the University of London, however, all classes and denominations of the Queen's subjects, without any distinction, were encouraged to pursue a steady and liberal course of education. After unveiling the statue, the Prince of Wales said that it was a matter of vital importance, for the education of our countrymen, that there should be a University like this, which should provide education not only for the wealthy, but for the middle and the poorer classes. H.R.H. added a few noteworthy statistics. When the University was first started, there were 23 candidates for examination; in 1860, there were 788; and in 1888, there were 4,647.

# A DURBAR AT RANGOON, BURMA

THIS Durbar was held by the Chief Commissioner, Sir Charles Crosthwaite, at Ripon's Hall, Rangoon, on New Year's Day. On this occasion people who had rendered good service, and had been brought to the notice of the Government both in Upper and Lower Burma, were invited, that is, if they resided sufficiently near to steamboat or railway station to enable them to reach Rangoon without great

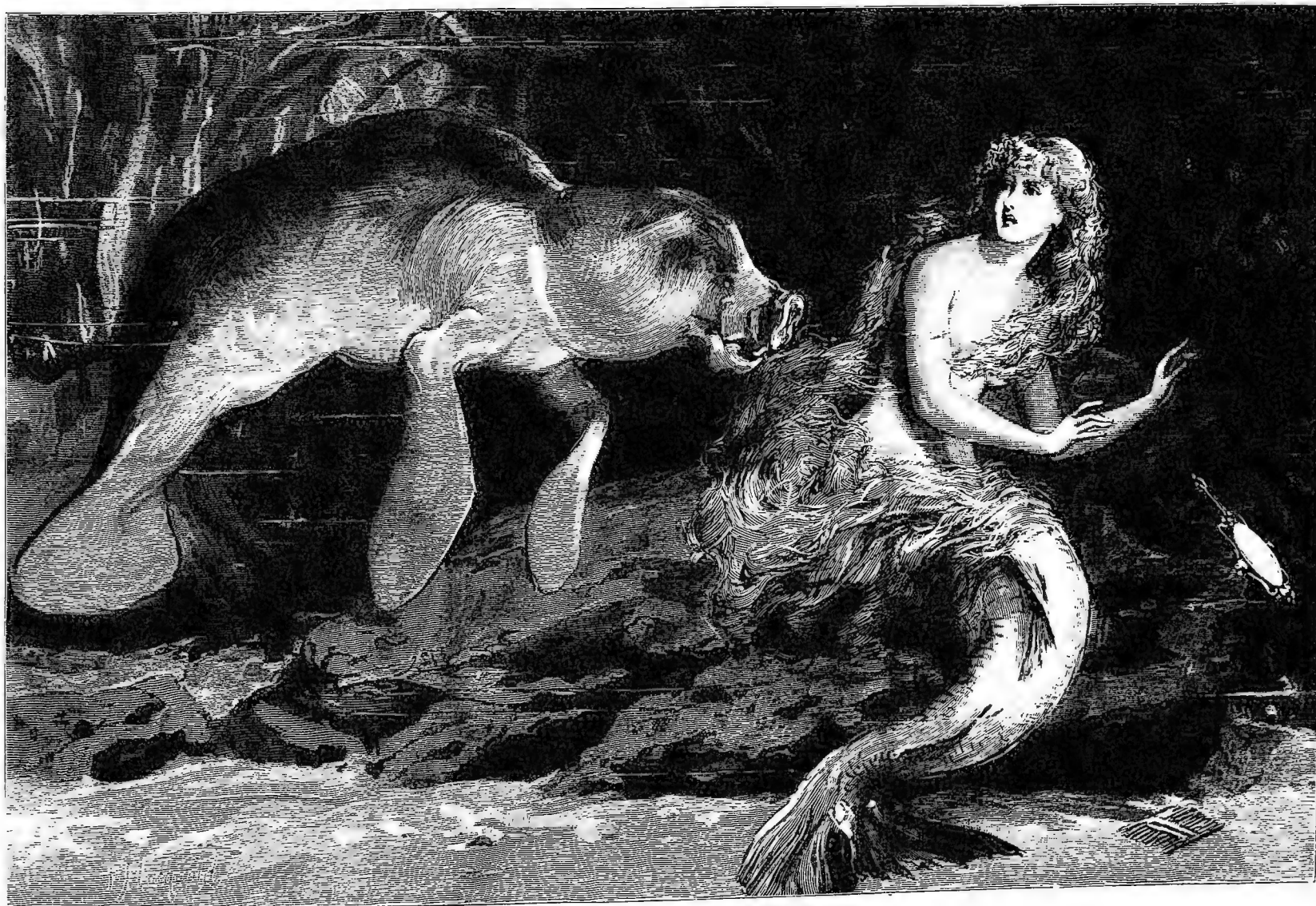


JUBILEE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON—NEW STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT BURLINGTON HOUSE  
Recently Unveiled by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

difficulty. Sir Charles Crosthwaite was assisted on the occasion by the Secretaries, whose Windsor uniforms, together with those of the military and naval officers, and the bright colour of the Burmese costumes, formed a very brilliant scene. After the customary presentations, the Chief Commissioner conferred various honours, such as titles and distinctions, medals, gold chains, and silver swords, on those who had merited special rewards for their services, while certificates were handed to such as had shown pluck and energy in catching dacoits, and who had rendered good work to the country on the side of law and order. In Burma these receptions are very popular, as by this means people from the various districts are brought together, while they come into personal contact with the Chief Commissioner and other officials of whom they have heard so much. Moreover, the gathering enables them to carry away with them pleasant recollections of the kind treatment which they receive from their British rulers.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Maung Saw Maung, manager of the Dead Letter Office, Rangoon.

# THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATIONS IN NEW YORK

THE Centennial anniversary of General Washington's inauguration as the first President of the United States lasted three days. The festivities began on April 20th, when President Harrison arrived in the morning by the steamer *Despatch*, which received a perfect ovation of salutes and steam-whistles from the war and merchant vessels in the harbour. So as to imitate as far as possible the landing of Washington in 1789, the President was rowed ashore in a barge. He landed at Wall Street, and was received by Governor Hill, the Mayor, Mr. Grant, and a host of State and civic officials, and proceeded to the Equitable Building, where an official reception was held. After lunch, the President went to the City Hall, where a bevy of pretty schoolgirls strewed flowers before him, and one damsel made him a graceful speech. A popular reception was then held, and in the evening there was a grand ball at the Metropolitan Opera House. Next day, the



REAL AND IDEAL

A SUGGESTION WHICH OCCURRED TO OUR ARTIST ON SEEING THE NEW MANATEE AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS



actual anniversary of the inauguration, the chief ceremonies took place. President Harrison began the day by going to a service at St. Paul's, where he sat in Washington's pew. Then the President proceeded to the statue of Washington, which stands before the Sub-Treasury Building in Pine and Nassau Streets, and which marks the spot of the first inauguration. The adjacent squares, streets, and housetops were packed with people who cheered the President as he appeared, and then the orations and addresses of the day were delivered, of which we have already given a summary. Next a grand military procession filed before the President, who took his stand in Madison Square. The procession consisted of three divisions—the United States forces, the State troops, and the veterans of the War, in the order of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Military order of the Loyal Legion. Fifty thousand marched in procession, occupying more than seven hours in passing. General Schofield led the way with a large escort of mounted aides-de-camp. The day closed with a grand banquet, the streets being brilliantly illuminated, and there being music and fireworks displays in the squares. On May Day the festivities were concluded with a grand industrial and Civic parade, under General Butterfield, in twenty-seven divisions, which was reviewed by President Harrison in Madison Square. The Mayor, Mr. Grant, was at the head of the column with seventy representatives of various societies, who marched to Madison Square and presented the President with a silver box. The procession was intended to be emblematic of everything in the life of New York. It was led by the Educational Department, including a number of schoolboys, and interspersed with allegorical and historical representations.



**THE TURF.**—Visitors to Kempton Park last week were provided with plenty of good sport. Friday was the Jubilee Stakes day. For the big event, which has been wonderfully successful hitherto in attracting high-class animals, there were sixteen starters. Several of these had been well-backed during the early betting, but at the start the market was in favour of Goldseeker, who, on the strength of his victory in the City and Suburban when not quite fit, was thought to have a splendid chance when thoroughly wound-up. Goldseeker, however, is evidently one of those horses which, like some human athletes, run best when not quite trained. On this occasion he cut a very poor figure, and the race was won very easily by General Byrne's Amphion, who ran very well on several occasions last year. Unfortunately he is not entered for the Derby, for which he would have a great chance, nor for any other of the important three-year-old events. Screech Owl was second, and The Rejected third. Saturday was the day set for the decision of the Royal Stakes, the valuable event which the Kempton authorities established to rival the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown. For this Friar's Balsam, who, it was believed (on very insufficient grounds, for he had not been tried), had regained his two-year-old form, was made a hot favourite, despite the fact that among his six opponents were Ayrshire and Seabreeze. "Balsam" failed to answer expectations, however, and ran almost as badly as The Baron, and the race ended in the victory of Ayrshire, with Seabreeze second, and Melanion, the Duke of Portland's second string, third. The race was worth 9,500*l.*, so that Ayrshire and Donovan have now won over 50,000*l.* between them for the Lord of Welbeck.

At Brighton, on Tuesday, the Sussex Plate fell to The Kelpie, while the Baron, in spite of his impost of 10*st.* 12*lbs.*, easily secured the Southdown Plate. Next day the most important event was the May Handicap, which fell to Engaddi, while Tostig secured the Ovingdean Plate. At York, on Tuesday, the principal event was the Great Northern Handicap. For this, Tissaphernes, the winner of the Great Metropolitan Stakes at Epsom, was made favourite, but he could only get second, and the winner turned up in the Australian, Ringmaster. Lord Zetland won the Zetland Stakes, appropriately enough, with Margarine, and the Stand Stakes with Matilla; while on the following day the Flying Dutchman's Handicap was taken by Aperse, and the Eglinton Stakes by Chasse Café.

Donovan still maintains his position as Derby favourite, but his price—2 to 1 against—does not become any shorter. His North-country rival, Chitabob, is said to be rapidly recovering, and has been backed at 100 to 6.

**CRICKET.**—Both the Universities seem to have plenty of batting talent among their new members. In the Cambridge Freshmen's match the best form was shown by Crawford (77), Beresford (106), and Ross (119). The two last-named were at once chosen to represent the University against Mr. C. I. Thornton's Eleven, for which the captain, Mr. A. G. Webbe, and Lohmann all tatted well. In the corresponding match at Oxford, Leechman (55), Giffard (58), and Atkinson (44) did best, but with the rest of the Sixteen Freshmen could make no stand on Monday against the Eleven, for which Foster (eight wickets for 18), and Moss (seven wickets for 17) bowled very fairly. In the second innings, however, they improved, and put together 201 (Jardine) 73. Want of time alone saved the M.C.C. from a defeat at the hands of Lancashire last week. For the County, Ward, the new colt, played two very good innings. Yorkshire, for whom he played in 1886, must regret now having allowed him to slip through their fingers. Dr. W. G. Grace has been suffering from a bad sore throat, and consequently could not assist the Club either in this match or against Yorkshire on Tuesday.

**BILLIARDS.**—McNeil has been the central figure of late in this department of sport. On Saturday evening Coles beat him; on Sunday morning he was among the other sportsmen who were found at the Adelphi Club and taken into custody; and since Monday, being out on bail, he has been playing a series of short matches with Peall on low terms.—Oxford has beaten Cambridge in both the double-handed and single-handed matches.

**GOLF.**—In the final for the Amateur Championship, at St. Andrew's, Mr. J. E. Laidlay beat Mr. Leslie Balfour, after a very close and exciting struggle.

### A GREAT BIRD FIGHT

At Hernwood exists one of the largest rookeries in the country. Hundreds of rooks annually nest there, vast flocks, counting thousands, fly to and fro morning and evening. At times, other than the breeding season, the tall trees of the wood constitute one mighty roost. At the grey of the morning the birds go forth with a loud clamour and caw, and are dispersed over their feeding grounds before the mists have rolled from the valleys. They are abroad thus early in search of wire-worms and larvae. The freshly-ploughed fields in spring attract them even before the light has come. Their return to roost is more regular than their dispersal. At evening in nesting-time, often after dark, the rooks, in long lines, fly down the valleys, cawing as they go. Each clanging file is led by some "many-wintered crow," which never deviates from a well-defined route. When the valleys converge and the flocks unite, aerial evolutions are indulged in, which show the wonderful wing-power of the bird; and especially is this so when flying "down

wind." When all are assembled, the snapping of sticks and loud cawing becomes general. These gradually subside, although far into the night an occasional caw comes from the tree-tops, or a falling twig startles the stillness.

At Hernwood, too, is a heronry, an historic one, the once royal game-birds having had possession time out of mind. But since the degeneration of the majestic fisher, the number of herons has decreased. They have not that protection accorded them now that they had as royal quarry—quarry worthy to be flown at by princes. But still at Hernwood they find an asylum, and the thirty remaining nests produce annually about one hundred and twenty birds. These from February to October haunt the heronry, betaking themselves for the winter to the mosses and marshes, and some few—like Wordsworth's immortal leech gatherer—wander from pond to pond, from moor to moor. Individuals poach the trout streams, while the majority—gaunt, consumptive, and sentinel-like—stand along the channels waiting for the flow. When the sun shines, the herons droop their wings, and the sandbanks are lit with a blueish-grey haze. As the wind gets up, the birds repose their long necks, depress their crests, and stand upon one leg. But the tides surely depress their crests, and as surely resolve the Stacy Marks-like groups into animal-flow, and as surely fly low over miles of channel. There are flukes; and flat-fish to be fought over with the lesser black-backed gulls; and there is stealthy wading to be done; and woe to the fish that comes within range of that formidable pike. No aim so unerring as that of the heron; no poacher so successful. And thus, with crest erect and every sense acute, does our angler pursue his silent trade. Two hundred herons live in Hernwood with thousands of their sable neighbours—in amity for the most part, with only occasional feuds. But this was not always so; for just over a century ago, in 1775, a memorable fight took place, which lasted three days. Hundreds of rooks were killed, as were scores of herons. Individual skirmishing had occurred annually, but never had possession of the groves become a party question until now. A crisis had come, and every bird stuck to his colour—slaty-blue or black. And this was how it came about. In a grove of fine old oaks the herons had lived and bred: their right—possession, time out of mind. The oaks were felled in the spring of 1775. Great was their fall, for they were hoary and heavy, and at this time contained the nests and eggs of scores of herons. The birds were disconsolate for a time, but soon sought to found a new settlement. The time of second nests was at hand. Near their old habitation only young firs grew, and these were not substantial enough to sustain their bulky nests. Thereupon the herons, determined to effect a standing, invaded the haunts of their neighbours. They met with an organised and stubborn resistance; but, although their sable neighbours greatly outnumbered them, they were so far successful as to found their colony. But the interest of the Hernwood episode centres in the fight in which the herons came off successful. This, as before remarked, lasted three whole days, and upon each was carried far into the night. Naturalists traversed long distances to witness the novel spectacle, and one eminent among these averred that a battle on such a scale as this was unique in the history of bird-life. Although the number of dead herons was as nothing to the number of rooks, yet the former suffered most severely.

Vastly outnumbered, it was only by accident that a heron was stunned by the strong bills of its opponents, and was then picked to death. The rook that came within range of the heron's pike had its skull pierced, and death was instantaneous. And so, at the beginning of the fourth day, the fight lulled from sheer exhaustion of the combatants. Dead and dying birds continued to fall from the trees for days, but the fight was at an end. Not only were the rooks driven away, but the herons captured the trees and successfully built their nests. During the after building there were fitful outbursts, but these came to nothing. Incubation proceeded in due course, and that year two broods were reared by each pair, and successfully carried off. In 1776 the fight was renewed on a much smaller scale; but the herons retained their trees, and again came off victorious. Of the superior fighting power of the latter the rooks seem to have been convinced; they abandoned the grove seized upon by their neighbours. And now the herons, naturally peaceable, live in perfect harmony with their more noisy neighbours. Such is the historic feud of the bird clans at Hernwood. To-day the herons occupy the highest trees in the most elevated part of the wood. These are of three species—ash, elm, and beech. The nests are large cumbersome structures, built of boughs and lined with larch twigs; the pale-blue eggs rest in a slight depression. When the trees are swayed by the wind the eggs sometimes roll out, and we have frequently seen young herons which have been blown down stalking among the trees. It is not now at all unusual to see the nests of rooks and herons in the same tree. The birds never steal each other's sticks. As the heron has two nests each year, its breeding season lasts from early spring to autumn. Then the young are taken to the marshes and along the channels. They feed upon almost every species of fish and numerous crustaceans. As surely as a young heron is seized, so surely does it disgorge an eel, a toad, or even a water-vole. Herons are as omnivorous as mankind itself, and take various small animals when opportunity offers. They are also endowed with wonderful powers of assimilation and digestion. On the whole, the heron is among the most interesting of birds; and concerning it there is yet much scope for original investigation. It is a poacher of no mean merit, and we have seen spawning streams covered in to limit its depredations. Its destruction of coarse fish and noxious water larvae is great in comparison with any trout fry it may destroy. Its good qualities far outweigh its bad ones, and it is a bird to be protected and encouraged.

J. W.



**THE ARCHDEACONRY OF LONDON**, with the Canonry of St. Paul's annexed to it—the most valuable of the preferments in the gift of the Bishop of London, has been conferred by him on the Rev. William M. Sinclair, Vicar of St. Stephen's, Westminster, who has been his Chaplain and Assistant Examining-Chaplain, and is the author of "The Psalms in the original rhythm," and of the article on "The Epistle of St. John" in "The New Testament Commentary for English Readers."

**THE PROSECUTION OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.**—The Archbishop of Canterbury, in an exhaustive and erudite judgment, has decided that he has jurisdiction in this matter. He has consequently repelled the Bishop's claim to be tried by Convocation, from which body there could be no appeal to a secular Court. Further proceedings are adjourned to Wednesday, June 12th, when the Bishop of Lincoln's counsel will intimate which of three courses he will pursue, whether he will bow to the Primate's decision on the preliminary question, or appeal against it to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, or apply to an ordinary Court of Law for a prohibition in respect of the Archbishop's alleged excess of jurisdiction.—Some 2,000*l.* have been raised for the Bishop of Lincoln's Defence Fund, and, in a letter of thanks, he speaks of the numerous letters and addresses of sympathy which he has received from many parts of the world, and of the "generous kindness" of the subscribers, looking on this as a "proof of the support upon which the Church

of England may rely if only she retains the faith, and does not sacrifice her rightful liberty."—The Bishop preached to a crowded congregation last Sunday at St. John the Divine's, Kennington. The service is described as having been elaborately Ritualistic.

**THE BISHOP OF LONDON** has, it is said, given directions for the preparation of a scheme with the object of organising a committee to do something towards filling such churches in Islington as are at present very sparsely attended.

**THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER**, presiding at the forty-sixth annual meeting of the Church of England Sunday School Institute, spoke with admiration of the Sunday-school teaching of Miss Carpenter, who lectured her young friends on Egyptology, Assyriology, and other recondite branches of ancient history, and, by means of light gathered from every archaeological field, made the Bible far more intelligible and interesting than when read by what he called the feeble rays of the old, worn-out lantern of half a century ago.

**AN INTERESTING BIOGRAPHY** of the late Father Damien, and account of the Sandwich Islands, were given by Mr. Edward Clifford at a meeting of the Church Army on Tuesday. The Father, he intimated, had received with pleasure the sympathetic messages sent him by Protestants, especially that in which the Bishop of Peterborough said, "Tell Father Damien, as he will not accept the blessing of a heretic bishop, that he has my prayers, and I ask for his."

**THE REV. CANON FLEMING**, the *Record* says, has been offered, and has declined, the Deanery of Norwich.

**IN CELEBRATION** of the completion of the fortieth year of his episcopacy, the Primate of the Disestablished Church of Ireland has been presented with a rent-free tenure of the Archbishop's Palace of Armagh and its grounds.

**A SUGGESTION** that the Congregationalists and the Baptists should be fused into one body having been made by a correspondent, Mr. Spurgeon writes in reply:—"The false doctrines now so current among Independents and Baptists must cause great uneasiness among all lovers of the old faith. Your suggestion that the faithful of these bodies should unite to form another community has much to commend it, but I am not able to form a judgment as to its feasibility."



**MR. W. O'BRIEN's** action for libel against Lord Salisbury, threatened some time ago, as mentioned in a previous issue, is, it seems, to be proceeded with. According to a news agency, a writ was issued on behalf of the plaintiff on Tuesday, and service of it has been accepted by the Premier's solicitors. The statement alleged to be libellous is contained in a passage of Lord Salisbury's speech at Watford, on March 19th, when he charged Mr. O'Brien with recommending the use of vindictive violence to all who took unlet farms in Ireland. According to the same authority, the Premier's solicitors, replying to a demand for an apology addressed by those of Mr. O'Brien to Lord Salisbury, stated that before he delivered his speech at Watford, his attention had been called to the following language, proved in a court of law to have been employed by Mr. O'Brien at a public meeting in Ireland:—"You have a good deal of lee-way to make up. The air of Slievenamon used to be a wholesome climate for land-grabbers and emergency-men. I am afraid they are living and thriving in the midst of you, and you know it. I need not go into particulars. If all our labours for the past ten years have not been in vain, you ought to know a land-grabber when you meet him. You ought to know how to deal with him without any instructions from me." The venue of Mr. O'Brien's action is laid at Liverpool.

**THE COURT FOR CONSIDERATION OF CROWN CASES RESERVED** have delivered judgment on the question raised in a curious trial for bigamy, reported in this column at the time. The wife was married in September, 1880. She was deserted by her husband in December, 1881, and, from inquiries made, having been led honestly to believe that he was in a vessel lost at sea, she re-married in January, 1887. The first husband, however, turned up alive in December, 1887, and she was tried for bigamy. The statute makes penal a re-marriage under such circumstances, before seven years have elapsed, during which the husband (or wife) has been absent and not known to be alive. In this case, the re-marriage had taken place within the statutory interval, and the wife was convicted of bigamy. By a majority of nine to five the judges quashed the conviction, thus subordinating the letter of the law to equity. Such a second marriage, however, though not punishable, is invalid, and any children born of it are not legitimate.

**THE WELL-KNOWN WEIGH HOUSE CHAPEL** on Fish Street Hill, having been taken under their statutory powers by the Metropolitan Railway and the Metropolitan District Railway Companies, it has been found impossible to find in the City a suitable site for it. The Duke of Westminster has, however, offered one in Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, for ninety-nine years, at a peppercorn rent. Mr. Justice North has sanctioned a scheme for the application of the purchase money paid by the companies to the erection of a new chapel and appropriate buildings in connection with it on the site thus liberally granted.

**THE POLICE**, armed with warrants from the Chief Commissioner, made raids a little after two last Sunday morning on the premises of the Field Club, Park Lane, and on those of the Adelphi Club, Maiden Lane, as places alleged to be common gaming houses. At the Field Club thirteen gentlemen assembled round a table fitted with a baccarat equipment were arrested, and with them seven others, the supposed proprietor, Mr. Charles Seaton, and his servants. One of those arrested was counting counters, and a clerk was also counting counters at a side-table, which were found on examination to represent a sum of more than 3,500*l.* Lord Dudley, Lord Lurgan, and Lord Henry Paulet were among the arrested, all of whom, with the exception of Mr. Seaton and an employé, were liberated on bail after a few hours detention at Vine Street Police-Station. On Monday the defendants were brought before Mr. Hannay at Marlborough Street, and evidence to the effect stated was given by Superintendent Hume, who effected the arrest. He was cross-examined with a view to suggest that what gaming there was had been carried on for years with the knowledge of the authorities, and without their interference or any warning to the conductors of the club being given by them. Mr. George Lewis, on an adjournment being asked for, stated that his clients, the three noblemen already named, only occasionally visited the club, and very rarely indeed played at baccarat there. Finally, the case was adjourned until Monday next, all the defendants being admitted to bail.—A much larger number of arrests, thirty-seven, including the proprietor and larger number of arrests, thirty-seven, including the proprietor and servants, was made at the Adelphi Club, of persons generally of positions inferior to those of the arrested at the Field Club, ranging from that of barrister to that of pugilist and barman. Four tables were found, one of them marked for baccarat, and a number of packs of cards. None of the defendants were allowed bail at the police-station. On Monday they were brought before Mr. Vaughan at Bow Street, and having elected to go before a jury, were remanded, and admitted to bail.



## THE SPECIAL COMMISSION

WITH Pigott's confessions, it was often said the Special Commission had virtually collapsed. How little truth there was in this statement has been shown by the interest which distinguished and prominent persons have shown in the proceedings, through their visits to No. 1, Probate Court, of the Royal Courts of Justice. In addition to Mr. Parnell in the witness-box, when cross-examined by



BARTHOLOMEW CANOVAN,

Who kept some of the League books in Tuam. The branch passed a resolution censuring the action of certain parties who, "like vultures, had been flying about in search of certain small pieces of pasture-land, which, when now and again they pounced upon them with tiger-like ferocity, they gobbled up."



JOHN MONAGHAN

"Were the tenants of the Law Life Assurance Society fined if they did not come in to pay their rents before a particular hour?" "Yes; when tenants were evicted other tenants residing on the property were not allowed to shelter them in their houses, or even in their out-houses. If they did so they were fined £5 or £10 by the landlord."



EDWARD JENNINGS

"Point to any one of these meetings at which outrages were denounced?" "Yes; I denounced them myself at the indignation meeting held immediately after the arrest of Mr. Parnell as a suspect."



DR. F. J. MACCORMACK, THE BISHOP OF GALWAY

Mr. Atkinson: "Can you form no opinion as to the particular system of boycotting that is aimed at or condemned by the Papal rescript?" The Bishop: "I formed the opinion that some kind of boycotting was condemned there."—"Beyond that you cannot go?" "No. The expression is qualified by an addendum."—"So as to make it more obscure or to make it more definite?" "To clarify it."



FATHER FAHY

"Do you believe from your knowledge of the people that, either in the time of the Land League or the National League, they directly or indirectly committed any form of crime?" "I am certain they did not."

clerical aide-de-camp, whose short, alert figure and vivacious features are not so familiar as they used to be in London society; of Mr. Edmund Yates, the proprietor and editor of *The World*; of Mr. George Meredith, gathering material for one of those original and unconventional novels which, long neglected by the ordinary subscribers to Mudie, seem at last to be becoming popular; and of the famous artist, Mr. P. H. Calderon, M.A., making studies for a picture of the Commission Court, which will doubtless be the cynosure of

which he was fain to admit was "rather strong." Subsequently, witness contradicted the truth of the frightful story, current at the time, that the people had walked exultingly in the blood of the Mr. Walter Burke, already mentioned, as it lay in pools beside his corpse on the road-side. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Galway gave evidence to show that he had instructed the priests of his Diocese to repress the worst form of boycotting, and had reprimanded them when they encouraged it. Father Molony, a Galway parish priest, spoke very largely of the absence of any encouragement, direct or indirect, given by the National League to crime; but, during his cross-examination on Tuesday (this week), he was rather uncomfortably confronted with extracts from the minutes of the meetings of the Local Branch of the League at which he himself presided, in which offenders against its usages, his own parishioners and attendants at his chapel, were denounced as "selfish, dirty, ignorant, and unprincipled scoundrels." The proceedings on Tuesday were, on the whole uninteresting. Of the evidence of the last witness examined on that day the President, addressing Sir Charles Russell, remarked, "I do not understand a word he says." On Wednesday the evidence given included that



FATHER CONSIDINE

Mr. Murphy, Q.C.: "Did you on December 12, 1880, speaking at Craughwell, say, 'The wretch who hasn't joined the League deserves to go down to the cold dead damnation of disgrace?' That is pretty strong?" "Yes."

many eyes at some future exhibition at Burlington House. Almost our only other illustration this week of the proceedings of the Commission is Archbishop Walsh in the witness box, whose examination was not concluded when we went to press last week. When subsequently continued, it was to the effect that he himself, the Roman Catholic clergy, and the recognised leaders of the Nationalist movement, had strongly opposed and condemned agrarian outrage, and that the extension and success of the Land League diminished the number of secret societies in Ireland, while they sprang into new and prolific life on its suppression. In his cross-examination, the Archbishop maintained that the central organisation of the League had, as regarded boycotting, exerted a restraining influence on the local branches. Of boycotting, so far as it meant intimidation, he expressed strong disapproval, but he had no objections to the boycotting which is restricted to exclusive dealing. With more or less of reservation, but on the whole with frankness, he condemned the tone and tenor of violent passages which were read to him from Nationalist organs and



FATHER MOLONY

"Do you consider that the action of the Land League and the National League contributed to the diminution of crime?" "That is my impression. I should think it led to the diminution of crime, which have a great deal to do with the commission of crime."

A SWISS EIFFEL TOWER is to be built on the Eschenberg, near Winterthur, by the local Alpine Club.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT from the Eiffel Tower can be distinctly seen at Fontainebleau, thirty-seven miles away.

A WONDERFUL SNAKE STORY comes from Murrumburrah in New South Wales. A man killed a large black snake, and seeing that the reptile was of a peculiar shape, he opened the body. Inside was a bullock's horn, out of which popped a rat, still alive. It is supposed that the snake chased the rat into the horn, and being unable to dislodge him, swallowed rat and horn together.

THE OPENING OF THE SPANISH EXHIBITION at Earl's Court has been deferred until the 30th inst. The Industrial Section will include cork, tobacco, minerals, furniture, jewellery, porcelain, musical instruments, oils, wines, and vegetable products. Some splendid old masters—Murillo, Velasquez, Zurbaran, and so on—are to be shown in the Fine Art Division, together with modern paintings.

CONSUMPTION IN THE GERMAN ARMY is greatly dreaded by the authorities, since the recent Parisian Medical Congress pronounced that the disease was contagious. Accordingly, the German War Minister has decided that the chest of every soldier must be measured once a month. If the chest does not reach a certain breadth, and does not develop with drill and athletic exercises, the soldier will be disqualified as predisposed to consumption, and likely to infect his comrades.

THE "KITCHEN-GOD" is a very important person in China, no cooking being considered likely to succeed without his help. Once a year he takes a holiday—at the end of the winter—and he is dismissed to his celestial realm with great ceremony in each household. Joss-sticks are burnt, and cakes and fruit spread for a parting feast, one invariable dish being a peculiar "stickjaw" candy, which is expected to shut the deity's mouth lest he should betray domestic peccadilloes in another sphere.

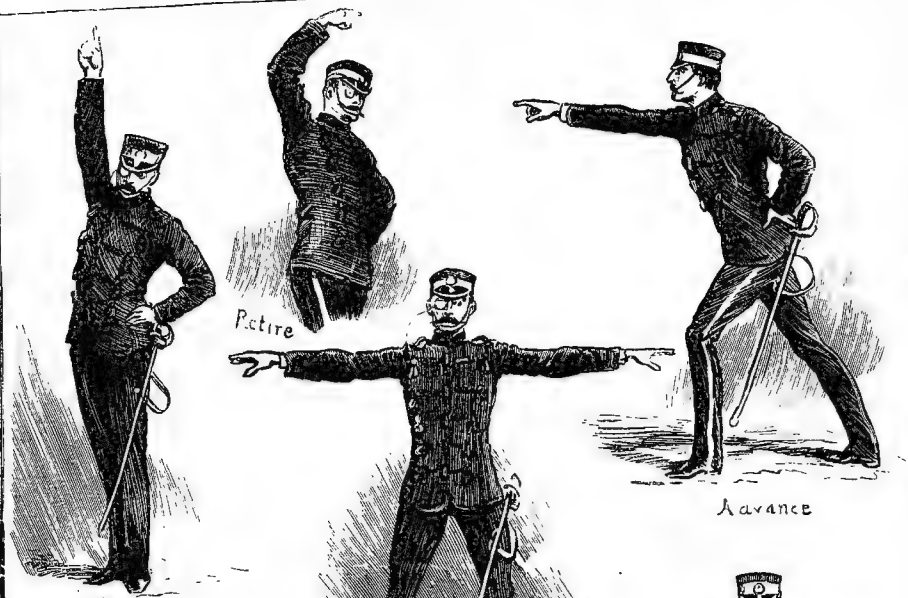
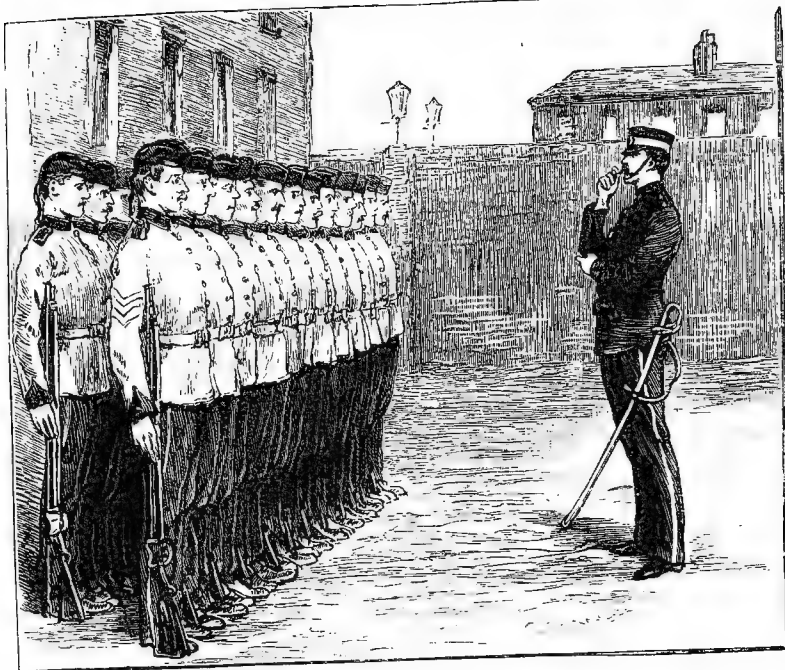
THE GUILDHALL LIBRARY has been counting up its work since the foundation in June, 1828. Then the Library contained 1,380 books, but the collection, with the Museum of London Antiquities, gradually grew, till by 1869 it required a larger house, and new buildings were accordingly opened in 1872. Last year 396,720 persons utilised the Library, which now contains 56,737 volumes. The Gallery of Pictures and Sculpture belonging to the Corporation has also received many valuable gifts.

CHINESE SUTTEE prevails in a district of the Foochow Prefecture, and resists all efforts of the authorities to check the practice. Instead of being burnt on the husband's funeral pile like her Indian sister, the Chinese widow is hanged with much ceremony. She is first entertained at a funeral feast, and then carried in a sedan-chair, the centre of a grand procession, with music, through the chief streets to a platform erected at an enormous height in some prominent position. She sits on the platform, and receives the kowtows and congratulations of her friends and relations. Then she places the rope round her own neck, and one of her brothers pulls the end till she is strangled. Subsequently the Emperor is petitioned to accord some mark of honour to this "pious voluntary sacrifice," and the district is studded with memorials to the "virtuous widows." The unlucky woman is invariably forced to the act by her family.

the Attorney-General, and to the appearance in Court of Messrs. W. O'Brien and E. Harrington, fresh from prison, chronicled and described in our last issue, our illustrations this week portray the Duchess of Abercorn during her visit to the Court, than whom, wife as she is of a past Lord Lieutenant, few ladies can feel a deeper interest in Ireland and things Irish. Another is that of Lord Shelbourn, the Robert Lowe of a former generation, whose original short-sightedness has not been improved by age, and would suffice to claim for him the kindly guidance and support which he is depicted receiving from his wife as he leaves the Court. The Church, Journalism, Literature, and Art, furnish other contributions to our illustrations of the sittings of the Special Commission in the portrait-sketches of Canon Malcolm MacColl, Mr. Gladstone's protégé and

orations. The next witness, a Roman Catholic cleric, Father O'Connell, was one of several called by the Parnell counsel with the view of proving the extreme destitution of the peasantry on estates where evictions had been resisted or outrages committed. One of his highly-coloured statements received a gentle reproof from the President himself. While dilating on the alleged wretchedness of the tenants of the well-known Mrs. Blake, he indulged in the supposition that many of them only partook of a meat at Christmas. Sir James Hannen, who is understood to be a vegetarian, thereupon interposed with the remark, "It has to be shown that it is any great hardship for a man not to eat meat if he gets plenty of other good food." The next witness, another Roman Catholic priest, Father Considine, spoke to having denounced from the altar the perpetrators in his neighbourhood of the murder of Mr. Walter Burke, and, like Archbishop Walsh, expressed disapproval of boycotting when it went the length of intimidation. He could not deny, however, that in one of his speeches he declared that "the wretch who had not joined the League deserves to go down to the cold dead damnation of disgrace," language

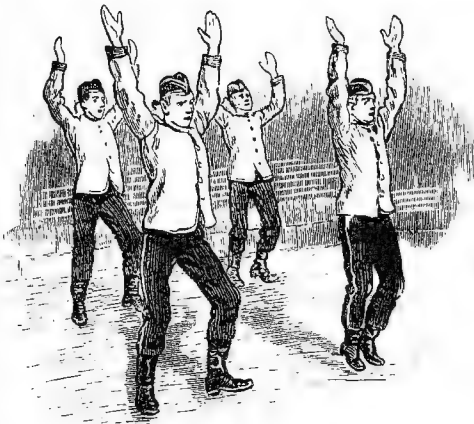
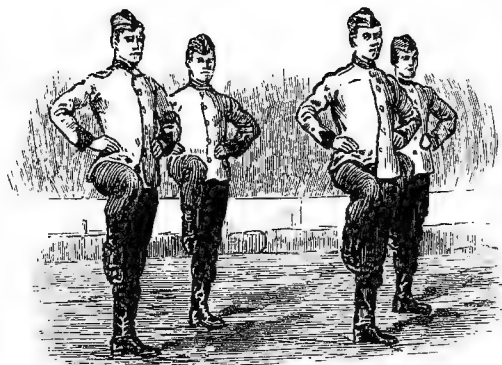




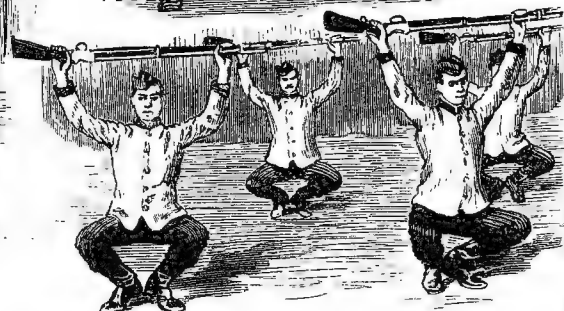
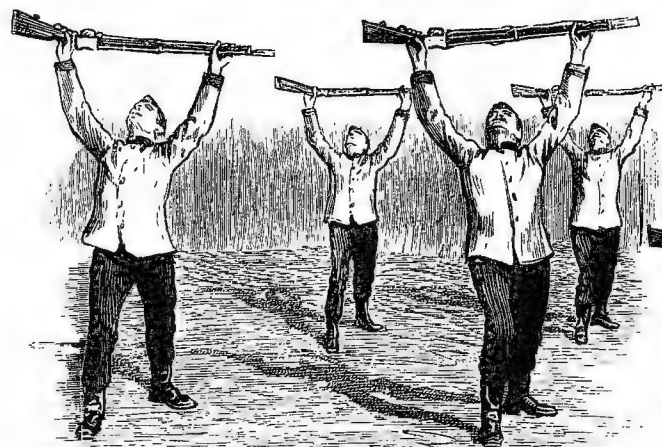
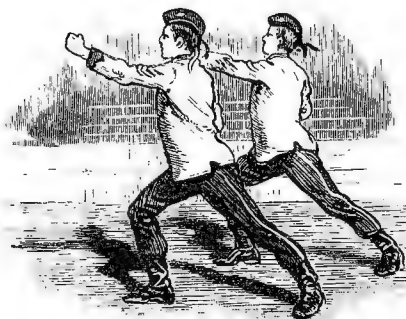
THE NEW  
INFANTRY DRILL.  
SIGNALS  
Used in  
MANOEUVRING.



OFFICERS LEARNING THE NEW SYSTEM OF SIGNALLING ORDERS



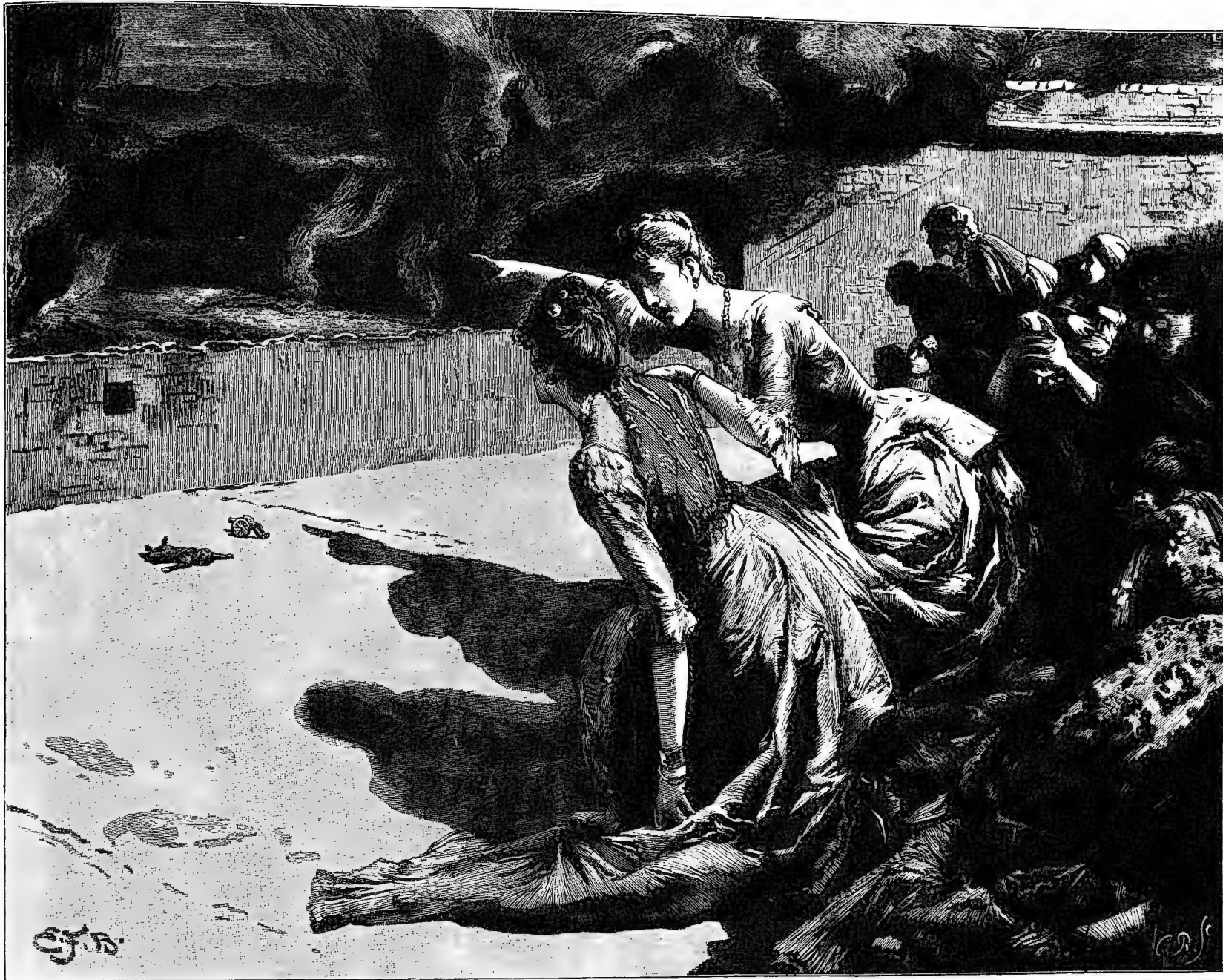
PHYSICAL TRAINING  
IN THE ARMY.



THE NEW EXERCISES

PHYSICAL TRAINING IN THE ARMY





DRAWN BY E. F. BREWTALL, R.W.S.

"What's that cloud," Iris cried, "coming over the Col—away yonder on the left? Do you see it? Do you see it— More Kabyles, I suppose. Oh, mother, they'll soon swarm over us."

## "THE TENTS OF SHEM"

By GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THIS MORTAL COIL," "THE DEVIL'S DIE," &C.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

#### THE BELEAGUERED FORT.

ALL night long, St. Cloud held out bravely; and all night long fresh hordes of insurgents kept pouring in from outlying villages on the inaccessible spurs of distant hills; for the Kabyles, like the eagles, perch their eyries on the topmost ledges of the mountain peaks, where no other foot can easily follow them. All night long, too, Iris Knyvett sat, white and anxious, tending Vernon Blake and the other wounded men, while that hideous din continued to wax fiercer and ever fiercer outside, and that awful glare to glow redder and ever redder through the cracks of the case-mate. Even Madame l'Administratrice felt her martial ardour cool somewhat, as she saw how the natives gathered thick in fresh swarms around that doomed Fort—one seething, surging mass of half savage humanity, now hanging by hundreds like bees from a branch on the bare brick walls of the frail fortress, and pressing on to their death with Mahomedan and in the cumbered line of the shallow green fosses.

"The more we mow down, the more seem to grow up afresh," Madame exclaimed at last, raising her hands in horror and astonishment to heaven. "They use each other's bodies like rats or vermin, just to make a bridge of dead for the survivors to trample on. The hateful creatures! I wish I was a man! I'd like to go out and have a good shot at them myself before they hacked me into little pieces."

And even as she spoke, a loud yell of triumph arose up anew from the Kabyle ranks. They had succeeded in setting alight the gateway of the Fort. Big bursts of flame spurted forth from the loopholes. The red tongues of fire were already mounting high upon the stone lintels.

"Unless reinforcements arrive by mid-day," Madame l'Administratrice remarked, surveying the situation with critical coolness through her tortoiseshell glasses, "we shall have to surrender, as they did at Palaestro in '71; and then, my dear," she drew her hand suggestively, with a sudden click across her small white throat, "the savages will make mincemeat of us; it'll be all up with us."

"What happened at Palaestro in '71?" Iris asked, with a shudder, as the shouts once more rose loud and clear from the gateway, heavenward.

"Ah, my dear," the little Frenchwoman answered, with a sagacious nod, "you should just have been here then; that was something like fighting. You'd have known what an insurrection was like, I can tell you. I was the only woman who escaped alive from old St. Cloud; and at Palaestro—pouf!—with a boum! boum! boum! they extinguished the garrison after it had surrendered."

"After it had surrendered?" Iris repeated, shrinking.  
"Ah, after it had surrendered, *je le crois bien, mon enfant!* Murdered them all in cold blood. The settlers held out to the very last moment in the *maison cantonnière* and the *Gendarmerie* next door. But when the *Gendarmerie* was almost tumbling in ruins about their heads—riddled through and through, as we shall be soon—Bassetti and the rest came out on parole—that brave Bassetti—with a promise that they might retire with credit, their arms in their hands, *bien entendu*, for the honour of France, to the nearest civilised settlement in the district. Nothing more military—they surrendered on terms. They carried their arms out with them, like true French soldiers. *Hé bien, ma chère*, as soon as they'd got just outside the house—on terms, remember—*houp, sauve qui peut*, the savages were down upon them, knocking them over with the butt-ends of their rifles, and massacring them then and there in cold blood, with true Kabyle treachery. Poor old men and beardless boys, *voyez-vous bien?* Do you wonder that I hate them, then, these *cochons d'indigènes?*"

Iris shuddered. "It's terrible," she cried, "terrible, terrible!"  
"And to think, Iris dear," Mrs. Knyvett remarked, with superfluous reproachfulness under these painful circumstances, "that if it hadn't been for you, and your determined opposition to your dear uncle, we might have been sitting at our ease this very minute in Sir Arthur's villa at Mustapha Supérieure, not knowing there were such people as Kabyles anywhere! Oh! if I only once got out of this horrible place, I'll never, never, as long as I live, go among such frightful creatures again—never, never, never."

"But you won't get out of it, *chère dame*," Madame continued, calmly, just grasping her meaning through the mist of her English; "I was coming to that. I was just going to tell you; they'll do with us precisely as they did at Palaestro—they'll murder us wholesale. T'chik, t'chik, t'chik at every one of our throats. It's a Jihad, you know—a holy war; and in a Jihad, madame, there's no keeping troth or trust with the infidels. Well, the women and children were in the *maison cantonnière*, as I was on the point of telling you (whew! what a bullet! it nearly made a hole through the case-mate). They held out there, with just a handful of men, till the savages actually scorched and burnt their dresses; and then, of course, they could hold out no longer. So they surrendered at last—surrendered on terms of sparing their poor little lives alone. The savages accepted them. But as soon as they came down, r'r'r, the same as before—the men were killed—just knocked down, r'r'r, the same as before—the women were on the head, so, before the women's eyes; and the women were stripped of their very clothes, and handed over, in I dare not tell you what shameful condition, to the tender mercies of those savage brutes there. That's what *we* may expect, if Hippolyte's fool

enough to listen to terms. But I hope he won't. For my part, I'd sooner die first, with my tongue in my cheek, flinging a curse with my last good breath against those dogs of savages."

With such cheering conversation, the night wore through, and the morning dawned upon their weary eyelids. More and more Kabyles seemed to burst upon them for ever. Monsieur and Blake, and the other wounded who could still bear arms, had gone out long since perforce to join the shattered little band of tired defenders. The guard-room and dwelling-house alone held out now. The courtyard of the fort was in the hands of the enemy.

"Unless reinforcements arrive before noon," the commandant said, with a despondent glance at the enemy, "we must ask for terms. We can't hold out much longer now against such overwhelming numbers."

"Let us die where we stand first," Sabaterie answered with a shudder. "For the sake of the women, let us all die fighting."

Presently the front of the house became quite untenable. "We must put you on the terrace," M. l'Administrateur said quietly, coming up to the women. "You'll be out of reach of the bullets there. Duck behind the parapet. When that's no longer safe, we must take such terms as they choose to offer us."

"No terms! No terms!" Madame answered, firmly.

The women and children, huddling close together, made their way out by the steps at the back on to the flat top of the old Moorish villa. A wall surrounded it on each side, a foot or two high, and sufficiently thick to be quite bullet-proof. Madame l'Administratrice, irrepressible still, raised her head for a moment above the summit of this parapet to see how the fight now went below. In a second, the sight of that hated face drew a shower of fire once more from the Kabyles in the courtyard, who, inspired alike by bigotry and hate, thirsted for the blood of the high-heeled woman. The indomitable little soul, not daunted even now, drew off one of her dainty Parisian evening shoes—a strange reminder of last night's suddenly interrupted festivities—and held it on a casual fragment of bamboo high above the parapet. "Let them waste their bullets on that," she cried, derisively; and waste them they did, indeed, in good earnest, for in another minute not a shred was left of the insulting token. Madame knew as well as they did by what nick-name she was called among the wild tribes, and she flaunted in their faces in this last extremity that expressive symbol of her hated presence.

All through the morning, the little garrison still held out by superhuman efforts. Noon came at last, and with it the glare of an almost tropical sun. Icy cold as it had been on the snow-clad tops of the Djurjura last night, when Meriem crossed them, it was broiling hot now in the full eye of heaven on the white-washed roof of



Withal the Maltese is industrious, sober, peaceful, and civil, when there is nothing to gain by rudeness. He is devout ; assiduously attending the services of his Church, although he sometimes hurries back from his prayers to "do" his English employers over the housekeeping books. He is kind, and even caressing, to his children, who are seldom or never treated with harshness, but singularly cruel to animals, to whose sufferings he appears to be quite insensible. For the antiquary, as for the artist, Malta is full of material, and



abounding in interest. If Mediævalism is his period he will find ample food among the relics of the White Cross knights; their magnificent palaces, their fortifications, and the lasting traces of their wise and beneficent reign. If he inclines to Romanism and the glories of the Empire, there is abundant study to be derived from the stately walls of Notable, and the countless fragments of statues, villas, temples, and inscriptions, of which the island has already yielded so great a store, and of which a far greater number are, without doubt, still awaiting discovery. Or, if his is a mind which would lift the curtain from the mysteries of a still remoter epoch, he may tread the backward aisles of three thousand years, and explore the underground dwellings of that almost prehistoric people, the ruins of whose temples, vast as though raised by Titan hands—perfect still in the traces of a long-dead worship—rear their towering heads of hewn stone upon the wave-washed cliffs of Malta towards the sinking sun, and stand like sentinels of a time that shall last into eternity.

L. C. D.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY

## II.

THE largest of Sir Frederick Leighton's works, "Greek Girls Playing at Ball," is more purely decorative in treatment than either of those we have already mentioned. The attitude of the girl who has just thrown the ball is not very well chosen, but the younger maiden who, with upturned face and flowing hair, is running to catch it, is graceful as well as spontaneous in movement. The street of marble palaces, the blue sea, and the mountains in the distance, together with the figures, combine to produce a well-balanced and harmonious decorative effect of form and colour. On the same wall, in the Third Gallery, hang two smaller pictures of antique life, Mr. Poynter's "A Corner in the Villa," and Mr. Alma-Tadema's "The Shrine of Venus." The latter, representing the sumptuous interior of a Roman hair-dresser's establishment, though it shows no new development of the painter's art, is, in its way, a masterpiece. The three figures in the foreground are admirably arranged as regards harmony of line, and skilfully varied in attitude, character, and expression. Though full of exquisitely-wrought detail, the picture has unity of effect. The varied reflections of colour on the polished marble, the soft subdued light that pervades the room, and the brilliant sunshine in the street without, are rendered with consummate skill. Mr. Poynter's picture is also marked by distinction of style and completeness. While decorative in its studied and harmonious arrangement of line and colour, it is realistic in its rendering of texture and surface. The two classically-draped maidens and the naked child are gracefully grouped and finely designed.

Mr. F. Goodall's large "Harrow-on-the-Hill," occupying the central place at the end of the Gallery, is as literal as a photograph, and almost as uninteresting. Although all the varied forms in the wide expanse of undulating country are most faithfully depicted, it fails to convey a sense of space and distance. Near it hangs a large sea view, "Shine and Shower," by Mr. H. Moore, in which a very evanescent effect of changing weather is vividly depicted. Mr. Hook's "Wreckage from the Fruiter" is also full of atmosphere and movement. The reflected and transmitted light, and the truthful gradations of colour on the stormy waves breaking on the coast, are admirably rendered. The figures in the foreground are well introduced, and every part of the picture bears its right relative value to the rest.

The best in some respects of the very few pictures of historic incident is Mr. A. C. Gow's "The Visit of King Charles I. to Kingston-on-Hull." The subject is not dramatic, and affords little scope for variety or vivacity of expression. The picture bears evidence, however, of careful study and research. The horses are admirably drawn, and every part of the picture is executed with Meisnier-like dexterity and completeness. Mr. Briton Rivière's skill in representing horses in vigorous action is seen in his animated picture, "Of a Fool and His Folly There's No End," showing a troop of mounted knights startled by a jester shaking his bauble as he gallops down a hill on a donkey. The animals, all wild with terror, some madly rushing forward and others prancing by the roadside, are depicted in a way possible only to an artist with an intimate knowledge of their form and structure. Mr. Marcus Stone has not infused much vitality into his very highly-finished picture, "The First Love-Letter," but, though their faces are not expressive, the two comely girls have an air of cultivated grace, and are in perfect keeping with the trim, old-fashioned garden in which they are seated.

Best of all is a very characteristic portrait of "Mr. Sidney Cooper," with his palette and brushes in his hand, and a penetrating expression on his face, by Mr. W. W. Ouless. Mr. Herkomer is seen to much advantage in his sympathetically-treated, simple, and dignified half-length of "Mrs. Gladstone." This artist's male portraits are of very unequal value. The three-quarter length of "Samuel Pope, Esq., O.C.," seated in an easy attitude, regarded either as a rendering of individual character or as a work of Art, seems to us very much the best of them. The learned counsel's genial face and ample figure are again seen in Mr. Herkomer's large Charterhouse picture that we shall notice later. There is nothing in Mr. J. S. Sargent's surprisingly clever bust portraits, "Henry Irving, Esq.," and "George Henschel, Esq.," to show that he has a very penetrating insight into character, but they show that he is able by rapidly seizing and sometimes slightly accentuating the most salient characteristics of his subjects to produce what is generally called a striking likeness.

In his "An Al-Fresco Toilet," showing a comely brunette combing the luxuriant golden hair of a fair and rather languid beauty in the courtyard of a dilapidated old palace, with younger girls under a loggia behind, Mr. Luke Fildes has succeeded in giving a vivid impression of the local colour and atmosphere of Venice. The figures—varied in character, but all thoroughly Venetian—are naturally grouped, and in perfect keeping with the scene that they inhabit. The varied brilliant tints in the costumes and background are delicately modulated in tone, and most harmoniously arranged. The painter's graceful portrait group, "Sisters," in the fourth room, is also remarkable for its fine quality and skilful disposition of colour. Those who do not remember his picture of an auction room, exhibited here many years ago, will be surprised to find that the small "Lunch in Mid-Channel" is by Mr. Armitage. The difficulty with which the two gentlemen and the lady retain their balance, and the easy assurance of the steward, who is steadily pouring beer into a glass, are admirably portrayed. Mr. W. Logsdail's "Sunday in the City," representing the western façade of St. Paul's under a leaden sky, is less satisfactory than some of his pictures of the kind. The architectural draughtsmanship is accurate, and the figures are appropriate and skilfully introduced, but the colour is unpleasantly lurid and opaque, and the handling in some parts rather loose. One of the most amusing, and, at the same time, one of the most artistic and complete works in the collection, is Mr. F. D. Millet's "Anthony Van Clever, the Trumpeter." The burly and jovial Dutchman, the comely girls gathered about him, and listening with delight to

his boastful narrative, as described in Knickerbocker's History, and the puritanical gentleman closely observing them as he smokes his pipe in the chimney, are strikingly life-like, natural, and expressive in attitude and gesture. The picture, which is remarkable for its technical completeness as well as its humour and truth of character, shows in many ways the influence of the seventeenth-century Dutch masters. It resembles Metsu in the delicate imitation of tint and texture in the skilfully-arranged costumes; and De Hoog in its vividly truthful rendering of direct and reflected light. Mr. H. S. Marks's knowledge of the structure of birds, and skill in investing them with something like human expression, are seen in a quaintly-conceived and elaborately finished little picture showing two red-legged pelicans, each with its ponderous bill hanging over the book of a devout hermit, who seems quite unconscious of their presence.

Mr. Vicat Cole's large Armada picture, "The Summons to Surrender," seems to us a good deal inferior to his busy river scene that hung in the same room last year. The heavily rigged English ship in the foreground and the Spanish galleons, with their towering sterns, behind, are no doubt archaeologically correct, but they are not well arranged as regards composition. The picture wants breadth and coherence; it is flimsily painted, weak, and ineffective. Mr. J. Brett's large Cornish coast scene, "The Lion, the Lizard, and the Staggs," though, like all his works, rather deficient in tone, is more comprehensively true and more spacious than most of them. As regards realistic rendering of individual fact, it could scarcely be surpassed. All the complicated planes and surfaces in the serpentine rocks, and all the varied tints in the sea-weed clinging to them, are depicted with extraordinary fidelity and completeness.

## THE GENERAL READER

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has written in eloquent sentences in his "Choice of Books," of the torrent of current literature which daily and weekly sweeps through the advertising columns of the newspapers, and over the counters of the circulating libraries. He has expressed himself as astonished and almost bewildered by its extent, its variety, and its ceaselessness. Whom does this torrent advantage? The student, from time to time, fishes out valuable material, sometimes rough and unheaven, sometimes of finished workmanship. The lover of good literature, the reader of taste and discernment, occasionally rescues some small tome, which, perchance, in time to come the world may not willingly let die. But for whom does the main stream flow, if not for the untiring, omnivorous, general reader?

He takes all literature (of recent publication) for his province. Schools of poetry, fashions in novels, are as naught to him, except in so far as he may have a hankering after the latest. The sister of the gentle Elia browsed at will, in her youth, her brother has told us, upon a varied assortment of "good old English reading," and a very nourishing, refreshing, and enriching pasture ground it was. But at such ancient provender the general reader would assuredly shy. He browses at large, it is true, but not on books which have survived the flight of the years, not on literature which, mellowed by time, and hallowed by many associations, is a very land of Goshen to the true lover of good reading.

The general reader has a fair appetite for travel and adventure, but it must be piping hot from the press. He knows nothing of, and cares less for, the lives and deeds of travellers in the days of old when adventures were of the heroic order, and when the earth was full of wonders, but half-known and ill-understood. Hakluyt and Purchas, and their noble brotherhood, are not to his taste, neither are the records of the minor adventurers and sufferers which Mr. Edward Arber has so carefully and faithfully reprinted in his invaluable "English Garner."

In history and biography our hero hath a dainty taste. The books which he doth most delight in are those compilations of anecdote and gossip, those volumes of memoirs and diaries, reminiscences and recollections, which, in these latter days, pour forth from the groaning presses in one perennial stream. Far be it from us to say one word against many of these books. Although in danger of being submerged by the ever-flowing and rising tide of title-tattle and fiddle-faddle, of recollections of dinner-parties, country-house assemblies, and social small beer of the smallest and worst-brewed kind, there are yet books of this class, not a few—works of recent date, like the "Greville Memoirs" and the "Croker Papers," and of former times like the "Selwyn Correspondence," Walpole's "Letters," and many others—which are "live" books, and will remain of permanent value to the historian, as well as to the humbler student and inquirer. What book-lover, moreover, will not do willing battle on behalf of the immortal Boswell, prince of gossips, and, earlier still, of Clarendon, Burnet, Lord Herbert, garrulous Fuller, and many another old-time historian and chronicler? It is to be feared, however, that to the general reader many of these veteran writers are but names, and nothing more. If he be a buyer of books—a somewhat improbable supposition—he may perhaps buy them and place them on his shelves with their brethren of later date, with Froude, and Macaulay, and Gardiner, and other sets of well-bound volumes that "no gentleman's library should be without;" but this is a tribute to appearances, and is by no means to be taken as a sign of personal predilection.

With poetry, the general reader is not greatly concerned. The great "makers" of the past, in handsome bindings, have their places duly assigned to them on his shelves, and decorously do their ornamental duty. With the poets of the present time our friend, for the sake of society and dinner-table talk, is bound to be slightly better acquainted. He reads each new production of the Laureate's muse—alas, how rarely does a new little green volume now appear!—and talks knowingly of Swinburne's ringing melodies, and of his indebtedness to "apt alliteration's artful aid." His knowledge of Browning is generally gathered from a hurried perusal of the reviews in one or two of the leading literary papers of what he calls the latest volume of metrical conundrums. Lewis Morris he reads a little, but at the mention of the author of "The Earthly Paradise" he shakes his head, and talks of Trafalgar Square.

It is in fiction before all things that the general reader revels. It is for him that the annual "output" of novels so far exceeds that of any other branch of literature save one, and for him that the inventive faculties of publishers, or their designers, are strained to produce new and startling covers for the usual quota of volumes. But, as in the other subjects named, the omnivorous reader does in some sort discriminate. His fiction must, as a rule, present certain easily recognisable characteristics. It must be new, and in three volumes—a lapse into two is condoned, but considered hardly fair—must contain sensational incident, or impropriety, or copious bloodshed, or, by a strange contrariety of taste, must be marked by simple and perfect inanity. It is to the lady general reader, with reverence be it spoken, that the last-named description of novel does most appeal.

Let us be just, however. There are a few exceptions to the foregoing qualifications. The reader of general appetite still delights in his Dickens; he enjoys the story, and finds the humour sufficiently obvious to be easily apprehended by his surface-sweeping intelligence. Scott is, on the whole, considered old-fashioned. Marryat and Cooper are relegated, with a slight tilt of the chin, to George boys and innocents. The general reader reckons not of George Meredith, most brilliant of intellectual swordsmen; nor of Thackeray does he read much, although he likes to talk about his books and his "cynicism;" while of Miss Austen he knows little beyond the alliterative and severe-sounding titles.

The noble army of desultory readers care not for criticism on their tastes and habits. To them reading is but a pastime, the easy occupation of an idle hour, and they are content to have it so. They seek no distinction, they have no desire for learning. Yet have there been a few spirits of nobler mould, who from sheer excess of intellectual energy, or superabundant literary absorptive power, have become general readers on the largest scale. Such a one was Macaulay. His reading was immense, and as his memory was extraordinarily retentive, he garnered plenty of tares and chaff with much golden grain. He read cartloads of rubbishy novels, and was able to spout from recollection trash in prose or verse by the yard. At the same time he read and re-read the classic writers and the masterpieces of English and foreign literatures, until, as he himself said, he had to maintain a constant struggle against the propensity to quotation. "It is a dangerous thing," he writes, "for a man with a very strong memory to read very much. I could give you three or four quotations this moment in support of that proposition; but I will bring the vicious propensity under subjection, if I can."

Another great reader was that chief of bookmen, Robert Southey, who year after year continued to gather around him in his northern retirement a constantly increasing store of books, in the midst of which his uneventful but hardworking days were spent, ever reading, assimilating, and reproducing, until the shadow fell, and the master of that great library, to whom its contents had been so many tools in the hands of a cunning workman, sat helpless and vacant, surrounded by the books that he could use no more.

Macaulay and Southey and other voracious readers of kindred spirit possessed a grasp of literature as firm and tenacious as it was large and all-embracing. To few is this power given. The general reader in ordinary may well be reminded in the words of Locke that while reading furnishes the materials of knowledge it is thinking that makes them our own.

G. L. A.



MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—A set of four songs, under the collective title of "The Heart Ever Faithful," written and composed by R. S. Hichens and Gerard F. Cobb, are fairly good records of the tender passion. No. I., "There is My Heart," is a flowing melody; No. II., "Why did You Come?" is noteworthy for its poetical words; both words and music are pathetic of "The Last Farewell," No. III., and of "Constasy," No. IV.: each of this group is published in two keys—"The Butterfly," words by "E. A. R.," music by Lindsay Kearne, is a dainty little song, with a good moral.—Two pleasing and fairly easy pianoforte pieces by Edwin H. Prout, are, "The Old Mill in the Valley" and "Reverie."—Romance in F, for violin and pianoforte, by C. W. Lubbock, is a graceful *morceau* for the drawing-room.—Very showy and stirring is "Tobogganing Galop," by Sylvain Chalon.

MESSRS. PATERSON AND SONS.—A brace of pretty songs, music by Annie E. Armstrong, are "Morning May Dew," a rustic love-tale by Arthur Chapman; and "Down the Stream," words by "M. L. E."—Burns' sweet poem, "Wert Thou Mine," better known as "Bonnie Wee Thing," has been tastefully set to music by Alfred Stella, and published in three keys.—The above composer has also been successful in a setting of "Maiden Fair," by Professor Blackie; a violin or cello accompaniment is a pleasing addition to this song, which is of medium compass.—A simple song, suitable for Sunday in the school-room, is "Loving Shepherd," written and composed by Jane E. Leeson and W. Harrison.—There is spirit and melody in "Michael the Cavalier," written and composed by George Temple and F. W. Whitehead.—Again comes a love ditty with a waltz refrain, "I Think on Thee in the Night," words freely adapted from the Russian of E. A. Tomfal, music by Alfred Moffat.—"Highland Folk Song" is a brief collection of Scottish tunes composed (?) and arranged for the American organ or harmonium by C. A. E. Senior.

MESSRS. HAMMOND AND CO.—Nos. XII., XIII., and XVII. of "The Academic Edition of Pianoforte Music" are:—"Album," C. Bohm, which contains six very graceful pieces that should be committed to memory, and will not soon be forgotten. "Favourite Marches" (twenty-one in number), all more or less familiar and popular, including Beethoven's "Marche Funèbre," Handel's "Dead March in Saul," Chopin's "Marche Funèbre," together with Meyerbeer's "Coronation March" (*Le Prophète*), and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," Wagner's "Tannhäuser," Suppé's "Teufels Marsch," and others less known to fame. There are some very charming *morceaux* in "Waldlieder," by Gustav Lange, most noteworthy of which are:—"The Lake in the Wood," "The Pilgrim's Song," and "The Murmuring Spring." Two very good pianoforte pieces for the drawing-room by Gustav Lange are, "Reigen im Grünen" and "Graziella," a brilliant valse. Of three pianoforte pieces by Alfred Sargent, "Confidence," a Nocturne, is the best; "Rosendahl," a caprice, is fairly good; and "Scherzo" is a very poor example of its school. Very melodious and taking is, "A Dream of Spring," a sketch for the pianoforte by G. F. Kendal. Dance-provoking and tuneful are "Autumn Leaves Waltzes," by Edwin H. Prout.

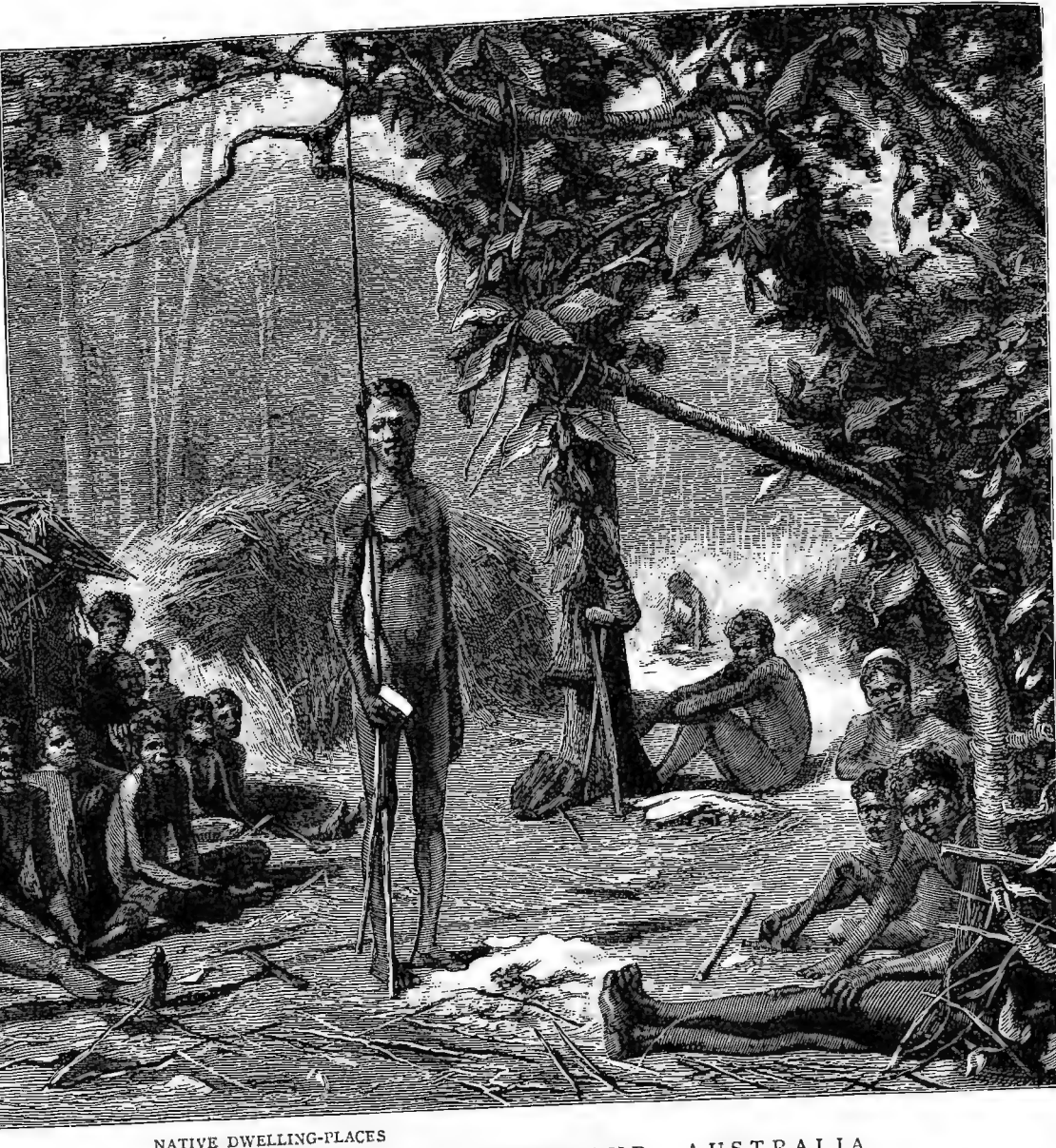
MESSRS. E. ASCHERBERG AND CO.—Six songs in a neat little volume, music by J. M. Capel, words by various poets, will prove useful to amateurs with voices of medium compass. Best of the group are "Annabel Lee," Edgar A. Poe; "The Owl," Lord Tennyson; and "The Mermaid," anonymous.—By the above composer are two fairly good songs, "Wait and See," words by Arthur Chapman, and "What Is Love?" words by W. Lestocq.—"Whispers," album of six songs, poetry by Edith Prince-Snowden, music by Howard Talbot, contains more than one pretty song, and all are of average merit.—A song by Haydn, first published in 1888, is sure to attract notice, "Far Would I Wander" is an excellent song for a tenor; J. Greenhill has arranged the pianoforte accompaniment from the score, and has added a harmonium part *ad lib.*—Thomas Hood's favourite poem, "The Stars are with the Voyager," has been well set to music by Henri Logé for a voice of medium compass.—L. Denza's popular song, "Notturmo," has been neatly transcribed for the pianoforte by M. Esposito.

THE SALVATION ARMY AT THE ANTIPODES is even more vehement and realistic in language than at home. Witness this paragraph from a colonial edition of the *War Cry*:—"We want short, spicy bits for the *Cry*—not Church style, which is calculated to put you to sleep while you read it, but some of the go-ahead Salvation Army, Blood-and-Fire, Hell, Damnation, and Judgment kind, which will make every man shake as he reads it, and set all the devils in Hell trembling."

THE COLONIAL DIVISION OF THE CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES recently established in Sydney, and which we lately illustrated, are confronted by an unexpected obstacle to their usefulness in New South Wales. The labour unions strongly oppose the employment of commissioners, but Sir Edward Walter informs us that they have rather overdone their display of ill-will, and that the new division will outlive the bad feelings which have been aroused. If the respectable employers continue to uphold the commissioners, the trades unionists can do them little harm.



SETTLERS' HOUSE AND CLEARING



NATIVE DWELLING-PLACES  
LIFE AMONG THE WILD BLACKS IN NORTH QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA



1. Jenkins adjourned with other enthusiasts to the Club. Arriving home at 2.15 A.M. he is received with a Shakespearian quotation: "Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of leek"
2. The Bard of 1839 and the Bard of 1838 and their leek broth

3. The Archdeacon of Wales proposes the Toast of St. David. "St. David, my fellow countrymen, was a Vegetarian and a Teetotaler," &c., &c
4. An old Bard pronounces an "Englyn"

5. GLADYS: "Oh Gwen, how do you spell 'Y ddraig goch a dlyry gychwyn?'"—GWEN: "Oh, here comes Doctor Gruffydd - he knows all about it"
6. Pennillion Singer





LIEUTENANT A. T. WARD  
Second Royal Irish Regiment.  
Died of fever while on active service in Upper Burma, Aged 25



HERR JOHANNES WOLFF  
Violinist to the King of Holland



LIEUTENANT W. H. POLLEN, R.E.  
Died of fever, March 26, 1889  
While on active service with the Looshai Expeditionary Force, Aged 23

LIEUTENANT POLLEN

LIEUTENANT WALTER HUNGERFORD POLLEN, R.E., the only English officer who met his death in the Looshai Expedition, was the second son of Mr. John H. Pollen. After being educated under Cardinal Newman at Birmingham, he entered Woolwich, and received his commission in 1879. In the Egyptian campaign he served with considerable distinction, taking part in the operations against Arabi's Camp at Kufr Dawr, and acting as galloper to General Wood at Kassassin. He led his troop into Cairo on the evening of the day of Tel-el-Kebir, and was rewarded for his services with the Medal and Star. On going to India he was admitted to Lord Ripon's Staff as Aide-de-Camp to the Viceroy, and afterwards joined the survey. It was in this capacity, viz., in command of the Survey party, that he was employed in the Looshai force, and had he survived would have been immediately promoted. He died of fever while on active service with the Looshai Expeditionary Force, at the

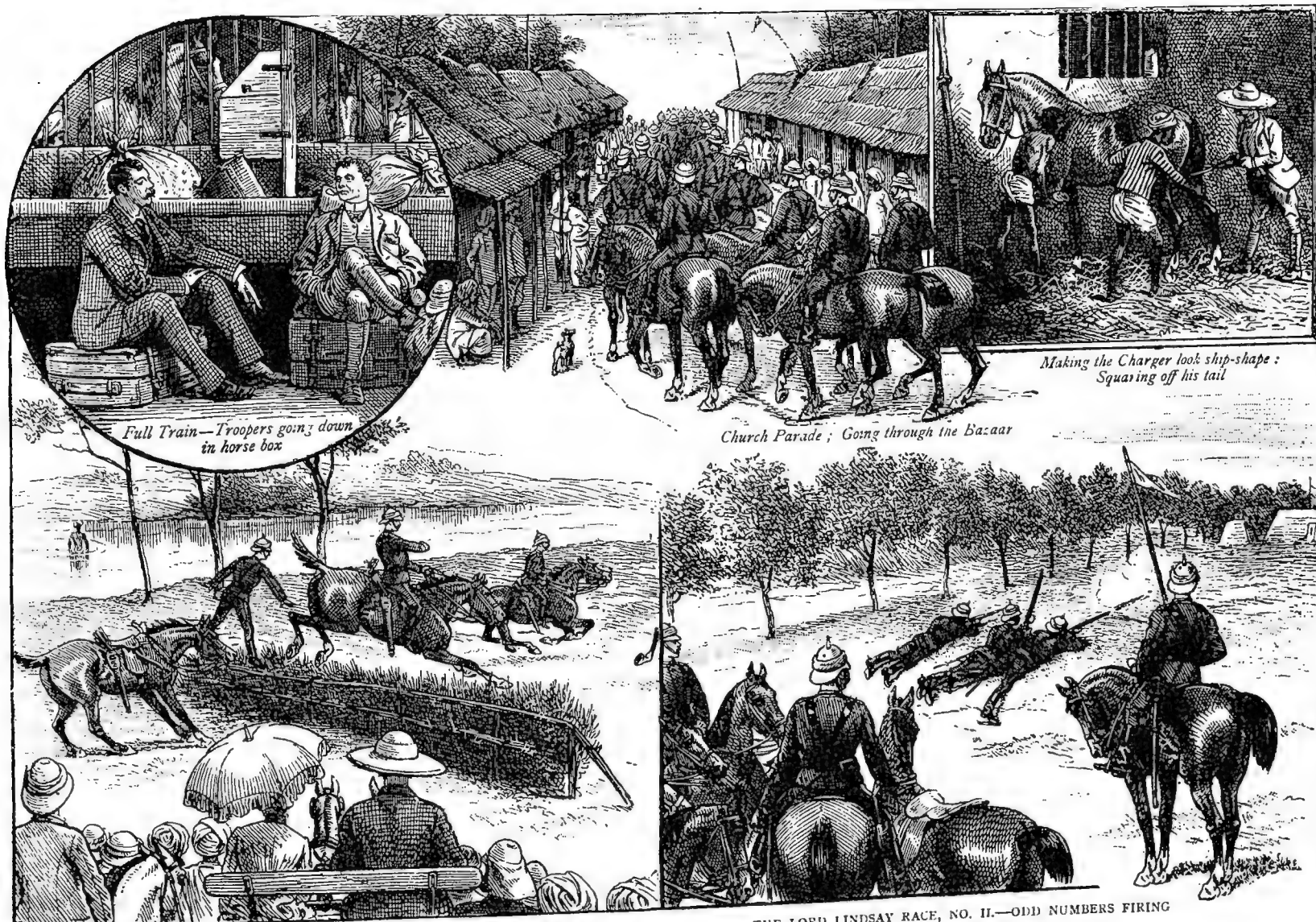


BRONZE SARCOPHAGUS IN WHICH THE BODY OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH OF AUSTRIA NOW RESTS  
In the Church of the Capuchins, Vienna

age of twenty-nine. Lieutenant Pollen was one of the most popular officers in a branch of the service where good officers are not few.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Mendelssohn, 14, Pembroke Crescent, W.

SARCOPHAGUS OF THE LATE CROWN PRINCE RUDOLPH

THE sarcophagus for the body of the late Crown Prince has now been placed in the crypt of the Capuchin Church, Vienna. It is in the style of a monumental coffin of the late Renaissance epoch, and rests on six lions' paws. The cover is very simple, and is merely ornamented with a crucifix and wreath. In the centre is a copperplate with an inscription in Latin, which is thus translated:—Rudolph, Hereditary Prince of the Austrian Empire, Hungarian Kingdom, &c., &c., son of the Emperor and King Francis Joseph I., born at Laxenburg, August 21st, 1858, died at Mayerling, January 25th, 1889." The sarcophagus is



Full Train—Troopers going down in horse box

Making the Charger look ship-shape : Squaring off his tail

Church Parade : Going through the Bazaar

THE LORD LINDSAY RACE, NO. I.

THE LORD LINDSAY RACE, NO. II.—ODD NUMBERS FIRING AT 900 YARDS

WITH THE BEHAR LIGHT HORSE, BENGAL, INDIA



from the manufactory of A. M. Deschorner, in Vienna, and the photograph from which our illustration is engraved, is forwarded us by Mr. L. Kohn.

## LIEUTENANT WARD

LIEUTENANT ARTHUR THOMAS WARD, of the 2nd Battalion, 8th Royal Irish Regiment, was the only son of the late Dr. A. V. Ward, H.M. Indian Army, and for many years Presidency Surgeon at Bombay, and grandson of the late Captain Thomas Ward of the 24th Bengal Native Infantry (who also died while serving with his regiment in Burmah). He was educated at Wellington and Sandhurst, and was gazetted to the Royal Irish Regiment on May 10th, 1882. He served with his regiment in the Egyptian War of 1882, and was present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir (Medal with clasp and Khédive's Star). Lieutenant Ward also took part in the Black Mountain Expedition, and was lately sent on special service to Upper Burma. He died of fever, on April 2nd, at the age of twenty-five years. He would have received his Captaincy in two months, and was one of the most promising young officers in the Army.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace, S.E.



THE SEASON.—After a brief period of summer-like and stimulating heat and sunshine, the weather has reverted to the characteristics of a rather unpleasant February. Temperature, however, remains moderately high, and the growth of the pastures has been so rapid that cattle are now being turned out to grass, and the yards are almost empty. Those farmers who are stall-feeding their animals are hurrying them forward as quickly as possible, as they will not sell well when once the grass-fed animals come into the market. In the dairy, work is proceeding apace, cheese-making and butter-making being at their height. The poultry-yard and the hen-roost are also the subjects of much attention, and fowls are laying freely. The damp weather is against sittings, and liberal diet, with as much protection as possible from wet soil and close, moist air in the fowl-houses, are matters which the poultry-breeder, to be successful, dare not neglect. In many parts of the Midlands butter has fallen in price as much as 4d. per lb. since Easter, the present price usually being 1s. per lb. So far as the aspect of the orchards goes, a good fruit-year may be anticipated, but the extraordinary losses in the hives last winter may have a serious effect on the amount of blossom which is fertilised to the bearing of fruit. Bees are the principal agents for this purpose, but, owing to the wet and flowerless summer of 1888 being succeeded by a wintry temperature in October, the bees died off literally like flies. We know of one bee-keeper who has lost all his twenty-four hives, and another who has but one left out of eight. This last record, we are credibly informed, is very common; in fact, one noted breeder, who is by no means a pessimist generally, tells us that nine out of ten hives throughout the country have probably perished. The reed-warbler and the red-backed shrike are the last of the summer birds to arrive this year. The swift came earlier than usual, the pied-flycatcher on May 2nd was observed at Alton in Staffordshire, the spotted-flycatcher on May 7th at Rainworth in Nottinghamshire, and the turtle-dove has been seen at several places since the same day. A golden oriole has been observed in the Isle of Purbeck.

ENSILAGE EXPERIMENT.—The inquiry which Mr. Kains-Jackson has been prosecuting, under the auspices of the R. A. S. E., into the use of ensilage in 1888, has resulted in showing (1) a great and marked increase in the stack ensilage system; (2) that the cost of adopting the system in the vast majority of cases amounted to 10% or over, but did not exceed 20%; (3) that the periods of making these ensilage stacks extended from St. Swithin's Day or thereabouts onwards, into October, when aftermath was used; (4) that where the wretched July left large quantities of damaged and apparently worthless hay these leavings compressed into ensilage stacks were converted into useable, though, of course, not highly-nutritious fodder; (5) that the temperature of the stacks was generally too high, but that with a hurried adoption of the process this is a normal drawback which experience in various small matters of stacking, &c., afterwards enables the farmer to avoid; (6) that although the damaged outside portion with stacks is more considerable than was at first allowed, still the greater bulk even of the damaged stuff is eatable when shaken out in the stackyards or meadows; (7) and finally, that nearly all farmers who have once tried ensilage mean to return to it in wet seasons, while many mean always to have some ensilage as an alternative food to hay.

A HOPEFUL SIGN.—A well-known land agent says there is, taking the whole kingdom together, a growing demand for the hire of farms, though the margin between supply and demand in the respect is still too narrow for any advance in rent to be possible. He thinks that in counties where a number of farms are still vacant, companies might be formed to work them, as where two to four thousand acres of contiguous land can be hired, full advantage can be taken of the aids afforded both by practice and science, the land being cultivated at a minimum cost, the best crops the soil is capable of producing being raised, and improved breeds of cattle and sheep introduced, together with more stock to the acre than on the present average holding. He believes that even with existing prices for produce and stock skilful management would secure handsome dividends on the capital employed. This is not a philanthropical, but a strictly business estimate.

MALT, since the incidence of the tax was shifted, has been steadily increasing in use as a cattle-food and fattener. It is not, however, to be used in large quantities, having the stimulative influence of a condiment, and requiring to be mixed with less exciting diet, such as straw chaff. The late Mr. James Howard found malt was greatly appreciated by working horses, by colts of all breeds, and by cattle and sheep. The cost of converting barley into malt varies from 22d. to 24d. per qr. of 420 lbs.

SHEEP, at some of the recent sales, have been fetching an unusually high price, especially in Kent. The rise in the general market is about 2s. per head since Easter. The supply of tegs is comparatively small, and no difficulty is experienced in getting 50s. and upward for choice tegs, and 45s. for medium quality animals. Several thousand tegs have recently changed hands in Kent at these prices, the high terms tempting holders. At the Lincoln annual Sheep Fair no fewer than 30,000 were penned. The inquiry, however, fully equalled the supply, and prices were about 4s. per head higher than in May last year.

DOWN SHEEP, says Mr. Darby, can be told from other sheep by their gray, black, or dark faces and legs, and by closeness of texture combined with high quality in both flesh and wool. The Southdowns are the oldest breed, having been reared as a pure stock from time immemorial on the Sussex hills. The Hampshire Down is the result of a threefold strain, the Southdown being interbred with the Wiltshire Horn, and both with the Berkshire Knott races. This new type, however, was created about seventy years ago, and has since been kept up as a separate race in itself, so that

it has now all the claims of a distinct breed. Shropshire sheep are bred from the Southdown and the Long Mynd or Weal sheep. The Oxfordshire Downs are a very useful variety, approximating, however, more nearly to the long wools than do the other Down sheep. The Suffolk Down is a comparatively new breed, but it is increasing in favour in East Anglia, as, being a cross between the Southdown and the Old Norfolk Horned Heath sheep, it is able to stand the shrewd air of East Anglia better than the pure Southdowns, while the flesh and wool both partake largely in the excellence of the Sussex breed.

THE SHROPSHIRE FARMERS recently held a special meeting whereat the Government was memorialised to (1) To prohibit all imports of live cattle from Belgium, Holland, Germany, and to maintain such prohibition without fixed date of discontinuance, seeing that our own Government cannot see that the spread of infectious disease among the cattle of these countries is properly combated. (2) To revive the Van and Wheel Tax as a fair and equitable form of taxation, and to devote the proceeds of such tax to the expenses of keeping the county main roads in good repair.

R.A.S.E.—The entries for the Royal Show at Windsor have now closed, and it is understood that 4,000 animals—horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs—will be shown. The entries of poultry, farm and dairy produce, and of implements are also very extensive, and there will be special shows of ensilage and jam. The entries of live stock exceed those at the great Kilburn Show by eleven hundred, a big show in themselves. And they are two thousand one hundred more than the entries for the Nottingham Show of the R.A.S.E. last year. It is reported, and if true it is an amusing commentary on the incurable dilatoriness of the English agriculturist, that as nearly as may be one-half of the total entries were received on the last three days provided therefor. The preparations at Windsor are in a forward state. The price of a life membership will be raised to 20%—double what it is at present—after the end of the current year. The change is one of very doubtful policy indeed, as the possession of a large balance at the bankers is of much importance to a Society which is accustomed to make five thousand pounds profit out of a good Show in fine weather, but has had to face a sudden deficit of even more, under adverse circumstance, of weather, outbreak of cattle disease, or the like. The attack on the old system, which was successfully made by Colonel Kingscote, Mr. Ashworth, and Mr. Jacob Wilson, seems to have been induced by well-to-do members getting their young sons elected life members. But it was strange the oligarchical faction should have been allowed to overlook the great gain to agriculture of fathers being induced to interest their sons in the Society from the early years of their youth and manhood, when the most enduring tastes and likings are formed.



"ST. CUTHBERT'S TOWER" (3 vols.: Cassell and Co.), is scarcely up to Miss Florence Warden's usual mark, even although it possesses to a very great extent one of her chief virtues, that of stimulating the curiosity at the outset, and maintaining interest to the last page. The comparative failure of her present work consists in raising anticipation too high, and collapsing too completely at the crisis, so that the reader, when he lays the last volume down, feels ashamed of having let himself be cheated into taking an interest in what turns out to have been an exceedingly trivial and nonsensical story. If to be interesting is everything, then "St. Cuthbert's Tower" is a good novel; but most assuredly not, if anything more than interest is required. Something abnormally exciting and sensational seems to be promised, the reader awaits it breathlessly, and it turns out to be some little incident not worth the telling. There is, however, one decided novelty about the plot; namely, that the murder, of which one clergyman is falsely accused, is brought home to the right clergyman and criminal, by the fact that the murdered girl, in order to make things clear after her death, has swallowed the murderer's well-known ring, having previously rehearsed the trick by devouring greengages, stones and all—evidently foreseeing what was going to happen. We cannot, for once, resist the temptation of telling so much of the story, for the sake of its even excessive novelty. Then there is some useless and, in this case, uninteresting somnambulism, and several very impossible characters. But among these there are some that are amusing, and the very unconventional heroine, Olivia Denison, has a great deal of charm. The motives of the people are decidedly muddled; and it is much easier to follow the clergyman without a conscience—who is by no means a bad study of a monster—than of the clergyman who keeps one so scrupulous that he sacrifices himself for his wicked brother, because, when a lad, he had been in love with his brother's wife. Interesting rubbish is the best possible summing up of this novel.

If "Saved as by Fire," by Eleanor Mary Marsh (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), be a first novel, it has promise, despite its depths of mawkish sentimentality, in the matter of thoughtfulness and style. For the sake of the promise, it is the more important to point out the faults. The characters are not natural, in any sense. It is not natural, for example, to quote poetry and sing songs, mostly in German, at supreme crises of existence. We doubt if it be physically possible for a young woman to find her very last breath strong enough to execute "Angels ever bright and fair." Then the pathetic parts, from their excess of sentiment, are decidedly funny; and the number of virtuous people, each with a very romantic story, and a general *leit motiv* suggesting identification by the absence of the strawberry mark on the left arm, is, to say the least, both tedious and amazing. The qualifying "But" must, however, for once be said on the favourable side. The best thing Miss Marsh can do is to read no more verse for a very long time to come, and to read a great deal of prose before she writes another word; especially the fiction distinguished for sound sense and humour to be preferred.

"Lesbia Newman," by Henry Robert S. Dalton (1 vol.: Redway), is so far prophetic that its time is between 1890 and 1900: and unfortunate is it for persons with good lives that the period is so near at hand. The story has the advantage, or otherwise, of a preface, whereby we learn that it is addressed to mature and earnest minds which care for something more than frothy sensation and amusement; the story being simply a vehicle for uncompromising advocacy of the rights of women, and of their training for exercise of their rights. As illustrated in the person of Lesbia and her friends, their principal rights will include, within the next decade, that of writing muddle-headed letters to one another, when they reach the age of fourteen, upon physiological and theological matters relating to sex, to learn and practise the language of bargees, to be christened Fidgeumbasquidiot, and finally, under some unintelligible papal system, to become priestesses of a church without a religion. The book is not to be recommended to persons incapable of pleasure in the scrawls of some exceptionally silly schoolboy, proud of the fancy that he is being very naughty indeed. We should not have the slightest compunction in saying much harsher things of this conceited trash, if it were worth while: to speak less harshly would be unfair.

"The Belvedere; or, the Warning Maiden," by William Dwarries (1 vol.: Digby and Long), is a harmless, old-fashioned romance,

almost amusing in its cool disregard of every sort of probability. It is based upon the extraordinary conduct of a young woman, the heroine, who, instead of returning the letters and relics of a broken-off engagement by the post office, goes for the purpose, secretly to meet her ex-fiancé, whom she has learned to detest, late at night on the top of a lonely hill. The following incidents are in keeping—a murder, escapes through trap-doors and secret passages, and all the trials to which a persecuted heroine, including the situation of a resident governess, can possibly be exposed in the course of a single volume. The "warning maiden," by the way, is a ghost; so that no orthodox element of excitement is wanting, except the power of creating the belief that a single character could ever have lived, or a single incident have happened.

"The Stalwarts; or, Who were to Blame?" by Frances Marié (sic) Norton (1 vol.: G. Redway), is the work of a lady who has the taste to advertise herself on the title-page as "the only sister of Charles J. Guiteau." It seems intended to convey the notion of biography, is written in the vilest American jargon, and printed in the most ignorant American spelling. Mrs. Norton is, of course, not to be blamed for the result of her nationality; but her English publisher should not have been so forgetful of his duties to the language of literature. Fortunately, a reader who is so repelled by its style as to be unable to make way in it will lose nothing.

## ECHOES

THE ancients told in graceful allegory how Echo was a nymph—daughter of Earth and Air—who loved Narcissus, and at his death pined away from grief, until nothing remained of her but a voice, which, being immortal, she could not lose, but which wandered about the world answering sounds that reached it. One cannot be surprised that the imaginative Greeks enrolled Echo among their spirits, as they did much else that was sublime, and, to them, unaccountable, in nature. Even now, when science (which snatches the veil of mystery from so many strange phenomena, teaching us to recognise the causes which underlie manifestations at one time considered to have connection with the supernatural) has severed echo from superstition, few people with highly-strung temperaments can hear the tones of their voices come back to them from a stately ruin or majestic rock, without a feeling which is thoroughly in sympathy with the old pagan idea of the seemingly ethereal voice.

The scientific knowledge which fills the place occupied by the superstition of our predecessors tells us that sound is produced by waves of air, and that when such waves come against a wall or other opposing surface, they are reflected like waves of light, and so form echoes. The surfaces from which echoes may be given are of the most varied nature; a sound may be echoed back to its utterer by a wall, a clump of trees, or even the clouds, as is sometimes shown during a thunder-storm, or on the discharge of cannon. In order to echo words distinctly, the reflecting surface must be even on the whole, or curved into the shape of a concave mirror. The echoes given by trees show that the evenness need not be very exact.

As the ear cannot distinguish between sounds occurring at an interval of less than one-sixteenth of a second, that space of time must necessarily elapse between the utterance of a sound and its return to form an echo. Since sound travels at the rate of eleven hundred and twenty feet in a second, it must pass through about seventy feet of space for the direct and reflected tones to be distinct, and consequently no echo can proceed from any surface which is not at least thirty-five feet distant from the place where a sound is uttered. The greater the distance of the reflecting body, the longer, of course, will the sound take to reach the ear after reflection. If the distance between the two points is less than thirty-five feet, the echo only mingles with the original sound, and is not heard distinct from it. It is these indistinct echoes which interfere with the voice in churches, halls, and other large buildings.

The loudest echoes are those afforded by substances arranged in the shape of an ellipse; echoes of this kind are sometimes louder than the sound which gave rise to them. The most frequently repeated echo that has ever been encountered is one produced between the wings of the Castle of Simonetta, near Milan, which repeats the sound of a pistol no fewer than sixty times. The castle is a long edifice, with wings jutting from each of its ends, which practically enclose a considerable tract of ground. The first twenty repetitions of the report of a pistol are quite distinct from one another, but after them the sounds seem to run into each other, and become somewhat confused, as though the original echo had produced others which crowd upon it.

There is a famous echo in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, at the north-western base of Arthur's Seat, where a cannon fired from Salisbury Crags, which lie immediately behind, is repeated several times with perfect distinctness and great power. Not far from the Lake of Geneva, a little way below the town of Lausanne, there is a tower which returns twelve syllables to the speaker. The Honey Rock, near the Cape of Good Hope, has an echo of about the same calibre, and there are several as good in Norway and the mountainous parts of the West Indies. Rocky districts, as might naturally be expected, are usually very fruitful in echoes. They are so plentiful, and so easily awakened among the rocks which surround the hermitage of Montserrat that it is said the birds there are deceived by them, and sing away lustily, thinking that they are competing with some rival.

Echoes abound round and about lakes. Thus, at a particular spot on Derwentwater, the report of a pistol is repeated thirty times, with an interval of fifteen seconds between each, and Ontario has several examples as good as this. Rivers, too, are fruitful in echoes. Some few miles from Narbonne there is a bridge over one which gives a dozen distinct repetitions. Beneath the suspension bridge which crosses the Menai Straits, close to one of the main piers, there is a very fine echo. The sound made by the blow of a hammer on the pier is returned in succession from each of the cross-beams which support the roadway, and from the opposite pier, which is nearly two hundred yards distant. In addition to this, the sound is repeated several times between the water and the roadway. It has been noticed that the echo from the opposite pier is best heard when the auditor stands precisely opposite to the middle of the breadth of the pier, and strikes on that point; as he deviates to one side or the other, the sound becomes feebler in proportion to his distance from the centre.

Echoes produced by trees are generally only noticeable in summer when the foliage is full, disappearing entirely in winter with the leaves. A very perfect specimen of this kind of echo was to be found some years ago at the foot of the eastern side of Windmill Hill, Gravesend, the face of the speaker being turned to the south-east. At Woodstock Park there is an echo which is said (with what degree of truth we know not) to be more active by night than by day—returning a sound seventeen times while the sun is above the horizon, and twenty times after he has gone to illumine the other side of the world. At Roseneath, in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, an echo is to be found which repeats a trumpet-call three times over, note for note.

Large buildings which have fallen into a state of ruin, and consequently present irregularities of form, are frequently the scenes of the remarkable echoes. A dilapidated chapel standing not far from the Castle of Lorne, in Argyllshire, has one which repeats a Muck-sentence with perfect clearness and distinctness. A rock near Muck-sentence, in Ireland, is renowned for its echo. If a bugle is sounded from a certain spot by it, a hundred instruments seem to answer.



# ST JACOBS OIL



## \*A MATTER OF VITAL INTEREST.\*

From the London Sunday Times

A FEW weeks ago we published an article giving some wonderful and astonishing experiences of numerous persons. In the article referred to, such wonderful cases were mentioned and verified by a gentleman connected with this paper on his own experience and that of other well-known persons—that it would seem impossible for anything more remarkable to be brought forward, but the evidence continues to accumulate.

The following is perhaps the most remarkable proof of the wonderful powers of this astonishing remedy:—Henry Coates, of 11, Cheatham Place, Adelaide Street, Hull, railway employé, who had been a terrible sufferer for many years from rheumatism in its worst forms, having had the before-mentioned article read to him, determined upon a trial, which has been attended with the most extraordinary results. On July 17th, he appeared before Mr. E. Singleton, a Commissioner to Administer Oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature in England, and made oath as follows:—He affirmed that he had been totally unable to work for a long time, and had been confined to his bed for a considerable period; that he had tried various doctors and many remedies, but that he grew worse instead of better; that at that time his joints were so swollen that he could not wear boots, and two crutches were hardly sufficient to support him. After having heard of St. Jacobs Oil, in the manner before stated, he purchased a bottle. In twelve hours he found relief, and persevering in its use, he is now cured of his rheumatism, works daily, and can not only walk with ease without a stick, but can run; he enthusiastically recommends this great remedy to those suffering from any form of rheumatism, as it has not only done wonders for him, but many of his friends. One of the oldest chemists of Hull, Mr. T. W. Robinson, in commenting upon this marvellous cure, writes that this is only one of many similar cases that has come to his notice. A. E. Painter, the famous jumper of the London Athletic Club, writes that he strained and bruised his ankle in jumping hurdles, so as to disable himself. He used St. Jacobs Oil with the most marvellous results. E. J. Wade, of the same club and Ranelagh Harriers, sprained his leg and cured it in a similar way. He says that athletes should never be without a bottle. Mr. H. J. Masters, a leading chemist, of 12, Argyle Street, Bath, writes that it is particularly adapted for the cure of muscular rheumatism and sprains of long standing, and that one of the leading physicians of Bath highly recommends it to his patients. We find also that a number of infirmaries, homes, and hospitals are already familiar with its merits, and are using it with great success. Henry and Ann Bright, hon. superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say that it has proved itself unfailing in its results, that attacks of rheumatism, neuralgia, and other pains and aches have in every case been removed, and that many old ladies, some ninety years of age, instead of to-sing about in agony, having been relieved, and had many good nights' rest through its wonderful influence. Mrs. Bright says that she can scarcely say enough in its favour.

We have given the details as above, as we think it well that full publicity should be extended to a matter of such particular interest to all. On calling upon the proprietors, the Charles A. Vogeler Company, 45, Farringdon Road, London, our representative was shown a mass of testimonials, of the same nature as above, from all parts of the United Kingdom, and from France, Germany, and other countries.

The curative powers of St. Jacobs Oil are simply marvellous. It is wholly an outward application. It conquers pain quickly and surely. It acts like magic. It penetrates to the seat of the disease. It cures, even when everything else has failed. A single trial will convince the most incredulous. It has cured thousands of cases of rheumatism and neuralgia, which had resisted treatment for the greater part of a lifetime. It has cured people who have been crippled with pain for more than twenty years. After the most thorough and practical test, St. Jacobs Oil has received Six Gold Medals at different International Exhibitions, for its marvellous power to conquer pain. It is used extensively in the leading hospitals and dispensaries of the metropolis and provincial cities, and also on board Her Majesty's Troopships and the Cunard Steamship Company's Fleet. Put up in white wrappers for human use, and in yellow wrappers for Veterinary purposes, price 2s. 6d. per bottle, of all dealers in Medicine throughout the world, or sent post free by the Proprietors.

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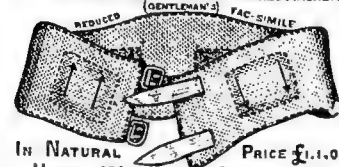
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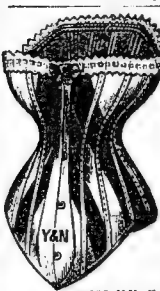
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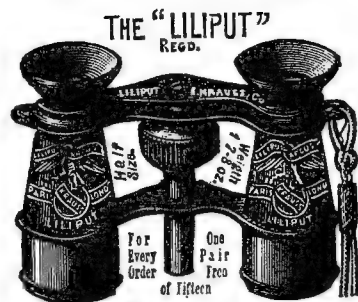
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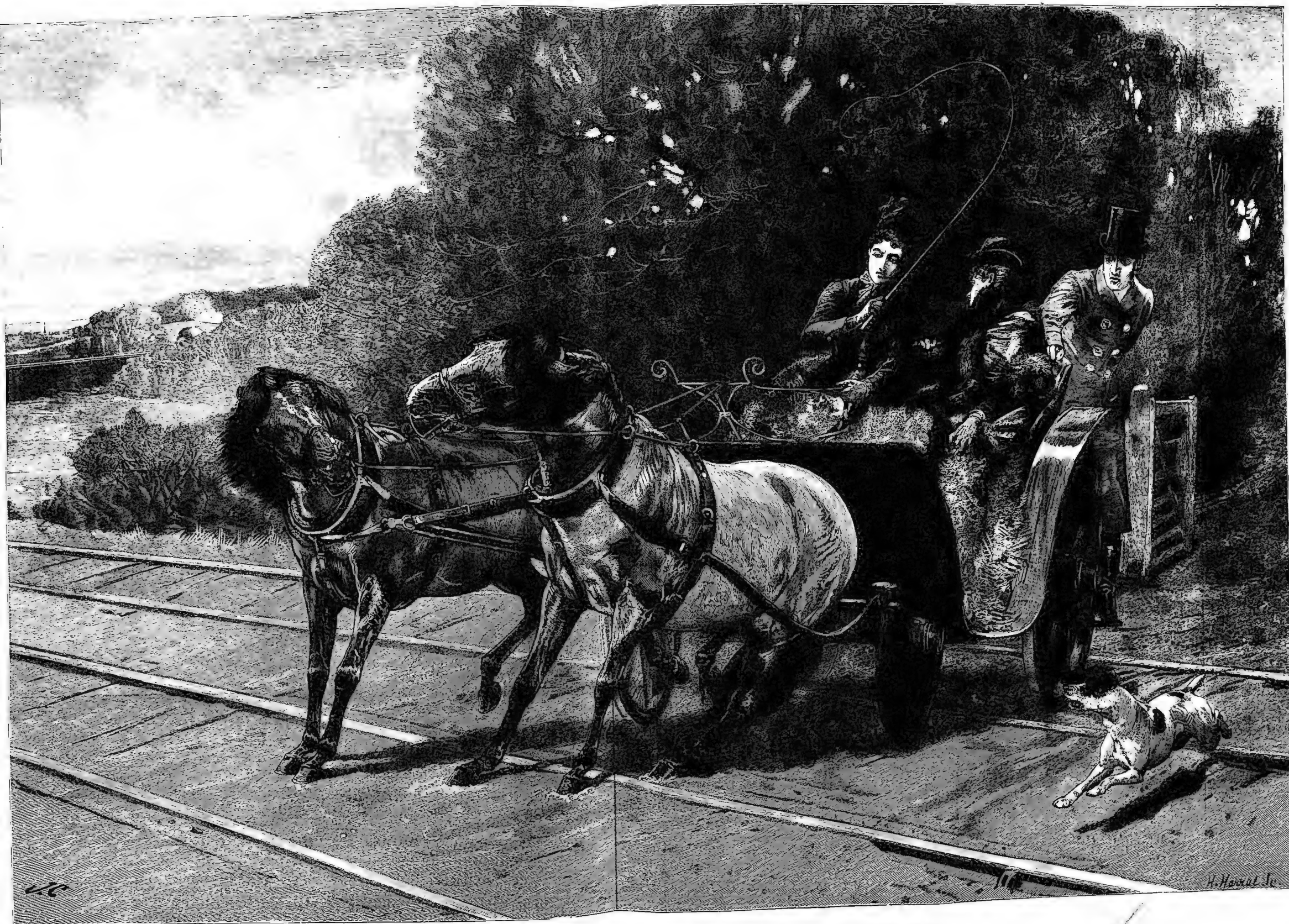
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AN EXCITING MOMENT AT A LEVEL CROSSING



Another Irish echo, on the shores of Lough Derravaragh, once caused the destruction of a pack of hounds in a curious manner. At its eastern end the lough is not more than a quarter of a mile broad, and is bounded on either side by precipitous hills covered with scrub, and so steep as to be unsafe for horsemen. The hounds found at the summit of one of these hills, and Reynard, whether by accident or because he wanted to gain some accustomed shelter on the opposite bank, headed for the water, and, entering it, struck the out boldly, followed closely by the whole pack in full cry. The horsemen skirted the lough by a road which enabled them to keep pursuers and pursued in view as they rode round. The hounds had very nearly gained the bank for which they were making, when it was observed that they seemed to be at fault; they swerved, and, finally, turning round, swam steadily back to the bank they had just left, still giving tongue, as if in pursuit of the fox, which had made its way up the steep hill-side behind them. They were close to the shore when they again wavered, and, after a moment's hesitation, commenced to swim back once more. Their strength was, however, exhausted, and half-way across the whole pack sank. Poor dogs! The echoes which seemed to them to come from the hills behind, had deceived them, and, deprived of the use of their delicate scent, hearing had played them false. The tragic occurrence had a still more tragic ending, for the huntsman was so affected by the death of his favourites that he went out of his mind and died a raving lunatic, calling the names of the hounds he had lost in so unexpected a manner.

On the banks of the Rhine near Lurley, at a point between St. Goar and the ruins of Schonberg, one of the most singular echoes in the world exists. If a tune is blown there on a horn, the sounds are in a moment heard again, apparently close by, to be repeated a second, a third, and even a fourth time, on each occasion from a progressively increased distance, until they die away. When the experiment is made from a boat lying mid-way between the two banks of the river, the repetitions are still more numerous.

A. S.

SCOTTISH PEARLS

No wondrous tales of big finds of these gems in Scottish waters have recently been told; pearl-fishing in Scotland in 1888 was almost, indeed, without a record; the rivers having generally been too full of water to admit of their being sought for, although, in some seasons, good hauls of the pearl-bearing mussel have been obtained. The cause of the scarcity lies also perhaps in this, that during the last quarter of a century the shells have been so industriously gathered as to have become much less plentiful than they were wont to be. About the time indicated, a mania set in for the collection of Scottish pearls; the Queen was then said to be making a collection of these beautiful gems, and hundreds of persons at once began to follow Her Majesty's example. Many of the leading Scottish jewellers, on the information of the Royal intention reaching them, promptly despatched agents all over the kingdom in search of pearls, and careful persons living near the pearl-producing waters, who had now and again found a gem and preserved it, made what they thought a little fortune by disposing of their hoarded-up treasures. An Edinburgh dealer in gems and jewels, who went heartily into the business of pearl-seeking, disbursed in purchases a sum of about seventeen hundred pounds in the course of a couple of months, and by doing so succeeded in obtaining not a few of the finest Scottish pearls which had been gathered in years preceding his visit to the gem-producing districts. Whenever it became known that this gentleman was on a visit to any particular place, people came to him from far and

near, bringing with them their, in many cases, long-hoarded treasures, which they were able to dispose of at a good price; one, two, and three sovereigns for each of half a score of pearls, according to quality and lustre displayed, was readily paid by the collector, and, in some few instances, gems of more than ordinary beauty changed hands at prices ranging from ten to forty pounds. For one very fine example 90*l.* were given. The prices paid were, of course, in many instances much exaggerated, but the writer, having travelled in the pearl-yielding districts, was enabled to ascertain the real figures at which some of the gems changed hands. One poor widow, whose children had been industrious in seeking for pearls, received all at once in good bank-notes a sum of 37*l.* for a few of the gems she had stowed away in an old china teapot. "Eh, sir," she uttered, "wonderfully elated at her good fortune. "Eh, sir," she uttered, "but I obtaining all at once what to her was a big sum of money, "but I am thankful to Providence this day for sending me they bonny things, which I was nearly giving to my grandchildren to play with."

Centuries ago, in the time of Alexander I., it was known that in many rivers in Scotland pearls could be obtained "for the seeking of them," some being of much beauty, with a "rare shining lustrous look upon them." No set industry, however, in connection with these gems was ever established, the finding of them in most instances in early days was accidental; in dry seasons, when the watercourses were low, the shells became accessible, and were gathered by all and sundry; but such pearls as were found were chiefly prized as curiosities of local repute, their values as articles of commerce not having been established. Spruel, a jeweller of Edinburgh, writing in the year 1705, says, "I have dealt in pearls these forty years and more, and yet to this day I could never sell a necklace of fine Scots pearls in Scotland, nor yet fine pendants, the generally seeking for Oriental pearls, because farther fetcht."

The gems which adorn the Scottish Regalia are said to be of native origin, and a story was at one time current of an Edinburgh goldsmith of the olden time who had discovered a mode of dealing with Scottish pearls that caused them to assume the sheen of those brought from the fisheries of Ceylon. The Mr. Spruel, already named, writing of the value of these gems in his time, says:—"If a Scotch pearl be of a fine transparent colour, and perfectly round, and of any great bigness, it may be worth from fifteen to fifty rix-dollars; yea, I have given a hundred rix-dollars (16*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.*) for one, but it is rare to get such." A Scottish naturalist, "Nether Lochaber," writing about Scottish pearls some nine or ten years ago, mentions that the finest and largest Scottish pearl he ever saw was worn as a pendant to a very beautiful pearl brooch, at one time an heirloom in the family of the Stewarts of Appin. It was traditional of this gem that it had been taken out of the stomach of a salmon which had been leistered in the River Awe in the time of one of the Scottish James's, and that the King himself saw the fish killed. We have read that in the Middle Ages Scottish pearls were celebrated all over Europe for their size and lustre—a reputation which they long enjoyed. About a hundred and twenty years ago it is said that pearls were fished in some of the Scottish rivers (in the course of two or three years) to the value of ten thousand pounds sterling.

In answer to the question which has often been asked, "Cannot we grow our own pearls?" it has been suggested that experiments in pearl-culture might profitably be entered upon; but whilst tens of thousands of shell-fish might perhaps, by taking pains, be grown, another question would arise in connection therewith, "Would such shells contain any gems of value?" "What is a pearl?" has been

frequently demanded, and common sense has stepped in to tell us in reality what a pearl is not—it is not, for instance, a drop of frozen dew, nor is it the result of disease in the animal, nor do "the pearl-bearing mussels" produce the same over again. As a matter of fact, no one has ever answered the question, but many intelligent persons are of opinion that the gem is simply the result of accident. All theories which have been advanced as to how the pearl is produced have been in turn overthrown. At the one time those gathering the shells would take none but such as were wrinkled or deformed; but the finding of one or two valuable gems in the very smoothest of shells soon did away with the idea that "it is only in *thrawn* shells that pearls can be found," the idea that seems to have been borrowed from Spruel, who maintains that the best sign of a "birthy shell" is that it should be wrinkled as a cow's-horn, with nicks in it—the more nicks and wrinkles in the shell, the better the pearl is." These gems of the Scottish waters are usually very small, hundreds of them not being larger than the head on a common pin; and they also vary in their colour from a sandy hue to a brilliant satin-white. To obtain a pearl about the size of a pea, a thousand mussels, perhaps, will have to be gathered and destroyed—it is obvious, therefore, that, in seasons when the low state of the streams render the shells accessible, many thousands must fall a sacrifice to the cupidity of the gem-seekers. A noted Scottish "pearl diver," as he was called at home, told the writer that he had opened tens of thousands of the mussels, and had calculated that a pearl of some kind was to be found in one out of every thirty; but only one in every twenty of the gems found was worth even a few shillings. Gems of the value of pounds are few and far between; but once, or it may be oftener, "in each season, a pearl of price is found;" it is all chance.

Curiously enough, no abundantly-populated beds of the pearl-bearing mussel have ever been discovered; the shells are found, as a rule, singly, or in pairs, one not being very far from the other. It was supposed at one time that there might be big beds of the mussel in some of the Scottish lochs; but, on these being dredged, or run over with rakes constructed for the purpose, no beds or layers were found; the theory therefore that rivers which were an out-flow of lochs would contain a larger stock of the shell-fish than other waters, could not be maintained. Still, the fact remains that, upon the occasion of one of the Scottish lochs being drained, many pearl-bearing shells were found. The pearl-bearing mussel has been found in nearly all the larger Scottish streams—notably, in the rivers Tay, Teith, and Garry, as also in the Ythan and in the Dee and Don.

Were it possible for the shells which are found to contain small pearls to be restored to the water from whence they are taken, the chances are these pearls might in time become of some value; but, unfortunately, the life of the animal is taken before its treasures can be discovered. Unfortunately, the business of pearl-seeking is one that requires the killing of the goose which lays the golden eggs, and therefore the extinction of the Scottish stock of *Mya Margaritifera* is only a work of time.

J. G. B.

TENNIS RACQUETS used by Transatlantic belles appear to be more ornamental than useful. Many are handsomely mounted in gold and silver, and enclosed in plush cases. Sometimes the handles are inlaid with costly woods, while a gold plate bears the crest or monogram of the owner. One racquet, with an inlaid handle of different woods, and gold and silver mountings, cost 20*l.*; and another, given as a prize by a New York club, has diamonds and rubies set in the handle, and is worth 50*l.*

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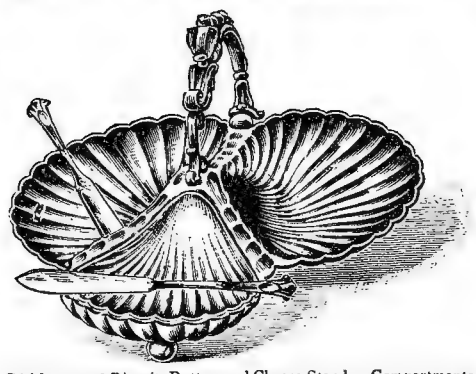
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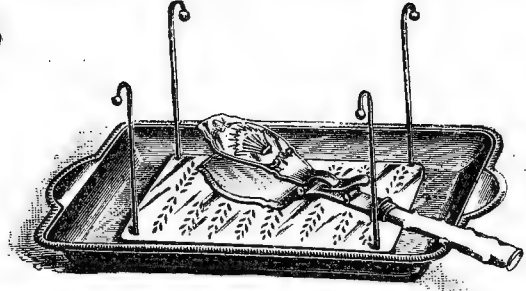
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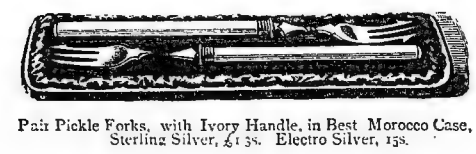
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A VERY substantial and valuable addition to military libraries is before us in Major General Whitworth Porter's "History of the Corps of Royal Engineers" (2 vols.: Longmans). It seems somewhat strange, as the author himself observes, that no history of the Corps of Royal Engineers should have been as yet presented to the public. For nearly two centuries, since the date when the officers of this service were first united into a compact body, their career has been intimately connected with the military history of the Empire, and even long before that time they had as individuals gained renown in the important functions which in those earlier days they fulfilled. In spite of this vast accumulation of faithful service, no connected account exists, and it has been left to those who are interested in the subject to grope amidst a mass of mouldering records, to exhume here and there isolated facts bearing on the subject. Major-General Whitworth has designedly, however, not dealt with the achievements of the Indian branch of the corps, nor has he referred to the New Zealand wars. Opening with an introductory notice on the civil and military duties of the corps, he proceeds to review the dawn of engineering science in the period from the Norman Conquest to the close of the sixteenth century. After treating of the progress made in the seventeenth century, he devotes special chapters to "Gibraltar, 1704-1778;" "The Siege of Gibraltar, 1779-1783;" "The War of the Spanish Succession, 1702-1713." The military events in which the Engineers played a part between 1713 and the opening of the Peninsular War are given in much detail. There are also chapters for the Crimean, the Abyssinian, the Ashanti, the Afghan, the China, and the Egyptian Wars, and also for the Indian Mutiny. Major-General Whitworth deals at length with the organisation of his corps, and with its departmental and civil work. Altogether he has produced a *magnum opus* creditable to his industry and research, capable of appreciation by the general public, and of particular use for historical and war students.

Worthy of attentive consideration on the part of the public is Sir Henry Thompson's "Modern Cremation: Its History and Practice" (Kegan Paul), containing also information as to the recently improved arrangements made by the Cremation Society. The author insists strongly on the dangers arising to the community from our present system of interment. "The poisons of scarlet fever, enteric fever (typhoid), small-pox, diphtheria, malignant cholera are undoubtedly transmissible," he writes, "through earth from the buried body by more than one mode. And thus, by the act of interment, we literally sow broadcast through the land innumerable seeds of pestilence—germs which long retain their vitality, many of them destined at some future time to fructify in premature death or ruined health for thousands." Sentiment, for those who know the truth of the matter, is, in Sir Henry's opinion, enlisted wholly and powerfully on the side of cremation; and shrinks with inexpressible repugnance from any vision, however transient, of the prolonged and revolting phases of decay—"the corruption" of the grave. The cost of funerals during one year (1884) in England and Wales was carefully calculated by an expert at nearly five millions sterling. One-third of this sum would amply suffice for all the costs of cremating the year's dead of the United Kingdom. Thousands of acres might be restored to better uses than they serve at present. The number of acres at present thus occupied, says our author in a foot-note, for the metropolis is upwards of two thousand; and the value of this unproductive land is considerably more than a quarter

of a million sterling. As for the argument that, with cremation become general, it would be impossible to find traces of the poisoner's crime after the body had been resolved, Sir Henry Thompson estimates that the mean number of exhumations made in a year throughout England and Wales is only five, and less than one yearly for poison. In this small volume is very carefully and completely compressed all that can be said for a radical change in our present methods for the disposal of dead bodies.

A pleasant book, thoroughly sympathetic with its subject, is "Gibraltar" (Chapman and Hall), by Mr. Henry M. Field. He describes the scenery and society of the Rock with felicity of expression and great good-nature. He sketches with vivacity and freshness the story of its many sieges. It is agreeable to hear an American treat of matters of national pride to our countrymen in a tone not readily to be differentiated from that of the most hearty, honest, and enthusiastic British patriot. Moreover, in addition to its admirable letterpress, this neat and handsome volume is well provided with excellent illustrations, showing our great fortress by the Pillars of Hercules in every aspect.

"Lost Leaders" is the title given by Mr. Andrew Lang to a selection of articles reprinted from the *Daily News*, and published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co. They range over a large variety of subjects—from "Scotch Rivers" to "Amateur Authors." Mr. Lang touches everything lightly and gracefully, and contrives to brighten the most unlikely subject by the allusion which comes to him of much reading and experience, and by allowing liberal swing to his playful fancy. Among the truest and best of these short essays is the one on "Club Bore." "Amateur Authors" contains advice likely to be of advantage to those who form its subject. "Publishers," says Mr. Lang, "exist for the purpose of bringing out books that will pay, and they generally pounce on a good manuscript in fiction, whether the writer is known or unknown. . . . Thus the most obscure author (in spite of the difficulties faced by 'Jane Eyre' and 'Vanity Fair') may rely on it that if his MS. is not accepted, it and 'Vanity Fair' may rely on it that if he has decently sound reasons for self-confidence, be disheartened by two or three refusals. One man's taste might be averse to 'John Inglesant,' another's might turn against 'Ouida,' a third might fail to see the merit of 'Vice Versa.' But if half-a-dozen experts taste and reject a manuscript, it is almost certain to be hopeless."

Mr. J. Rogers Rees, author of "The Diversions of a Bookworm, &c.," has written a volume of essays, abounding in shrewd reflection and entertaining gossip, and anecdotes about dead and living literary men, entitled "The Brotherhood of Letters" (Elliot Stock). The author has shown himself most industrious in garnering incidents out of the biographies and books of reminiscences he has read. Any one of the fourteen short papers that make up this volume may be perused with ease and pleasure, and not without profit, in the half hour that follows lunch or dinner.

Mr. Evelyn Cecil, B.A., travelled, in company with his father, through Canada, the States, Japan, Canton, Hong Kong, Singapore, Java, Ceylon, India, and Egypt. The result of his observations is given in "Notes of My Journey Round the World" (Longmans). A most attractive feature of the volume are the fifteen full-page illustrations, fine specimens of the art of photogravure, which range in their scope from the Cathedral Rocks, Yosemite Valley, to the Taj of Agra. Mr. Cecil catalogues a good deal which is familiar to readers of books of travel, or indeed of reference. A little more of personal anecdote and experience would have enlivened his book considerably. He does, indeed, give utterance to his impressions of the Himalayas as seen between Darjeeling and Siliguri. "They extend everywhere on an overpowering scale," he writes, "and their brown and timbered slopes blend imperceptibly with the far-reaching chasms down which the moving train allows a moment's glance. Here and there, too, they are dotted with small white houses, doubtless the homes of tea-planters. The sublimity of the

mountains is grand, their Titanic splendour overwhelming; but, if comment on anything so fine is not forbidden, they have about them a slight monotony which is a little apt to detract from their combined magnificence, and they cannot exhibit the furious torrents and fantastic spurs which adorn the Rocky Mountains." Mr. Cecil was only a day or two over seven months on his journey, and, considering the rapid travelling, appears to have gathered by the way, and in a short time, a good deal of useful information.

We have before us the first volume of "Blackie's Modern Cyclopaedia of Universal Information" (Blackie), edited by Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D., editor of the "Imperial Dictionary." It professes to be "a handy book" of reference on all subjects and for all readers, and it is provided with numerous pictorial illustrations, and a series of maps. Its most distinct recommendation, as against other works of the same sort, is its convenient size, so that each volume can be held comfortably in the hand while reading in an arm-chair. With this merit, and that of cheapness, this new publishing venture would seem likely to enjoy some measure of success.

The African borderland and its peoples, as seen by a zealous missionary, are portrayed for us by Mr. Fred. S. Arnot in "Garenganze; or, Seven Years' Pioneer Mission Work in Central Africa" (James E. Hawkins). Mr. Arnot has been a traveller as well as a preacher of religion. He journeyed right across the African continent from Natal to Benguela, and again on his return, from Benguela to Garenganze. Garenganze lies about eight degrees of longitude west of the northern end of Lake Nyassa, and it borders on Katanga, the famous copper-producing district, often referred to in Livingstone's travels, and Mr. Arnot gives many interesting particulars about Msidi, the present ruler of Garenganze, and indeed about many other tribes and chieftains of Central Africa. He saw Khamá, and endorses the eulogiums passed so generally on that Chief. Shoshong, Khamá's capital, must afford some striking studies to the observer. It is built and ordered after the manner of a military camp, and everything is done by word of command. The gardens are tilled at the word of the Chief, the crops cannot be garnered until the order is given. Each man is supposed to be able to muster a gun or so many spears. The people in the town live together in what might be called regiments, the huts of each being clustered round the hut of its captain, and around the town there is a double row of outposts, extending a long way into the veldt. Over all is Khamá, the ideal Native Christian of South Africa.

Mr. Ernest Belfort Bax has written "The Ethics of Socialism," being further essays on "Modern Socialist Criticism" (Swan Sonnenschein). Mr. Bax is lucid in his exegesis of his teaching and that of his friends. He is fiercely anti-Christian in tone, not even allowing the so-called Christian Socialist to escape the lash of his scornful criticism. Mr. Bax puts his case in these papers ably enough, if not always with the best taste, but it is hard to understand how the Socialist ideal, even if it were a good one, could ever be practically realised, and there was never a time when society was in a better position for coercing those who prove refractory to the conditions essential to its existence.

Non-teetotalers will find much to amuse and interest them in Mr. Alexander Webber's "Wine: A Series of Notes on this Valuable Product and Subjects Suggested Therefrom, Together with Some Important References" (Edwin T. Olver). Mr. Webber has given his attention to the study of wine for nearly thirty years past. During that period he has, as a careful and keen observer, resided in or visited almost every country where the vine is grown or its produce consumed, thus "embracing," as he puts it, "each phase from the grape to the decanter, and with an intimate knowledge of every market." He may be, therefore, worth quoting when he says: "I am of opinion that the advantage of climate together with the skill and knowledge bestowed on the making of wine on true principles in our colonies, Australia and the Cape, will produce a result of formidable rivalry with European wine-growing countries."

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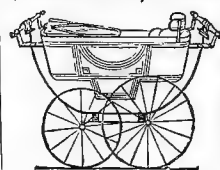
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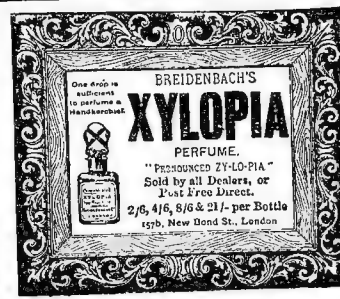
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